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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1149.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

(65-41.0)

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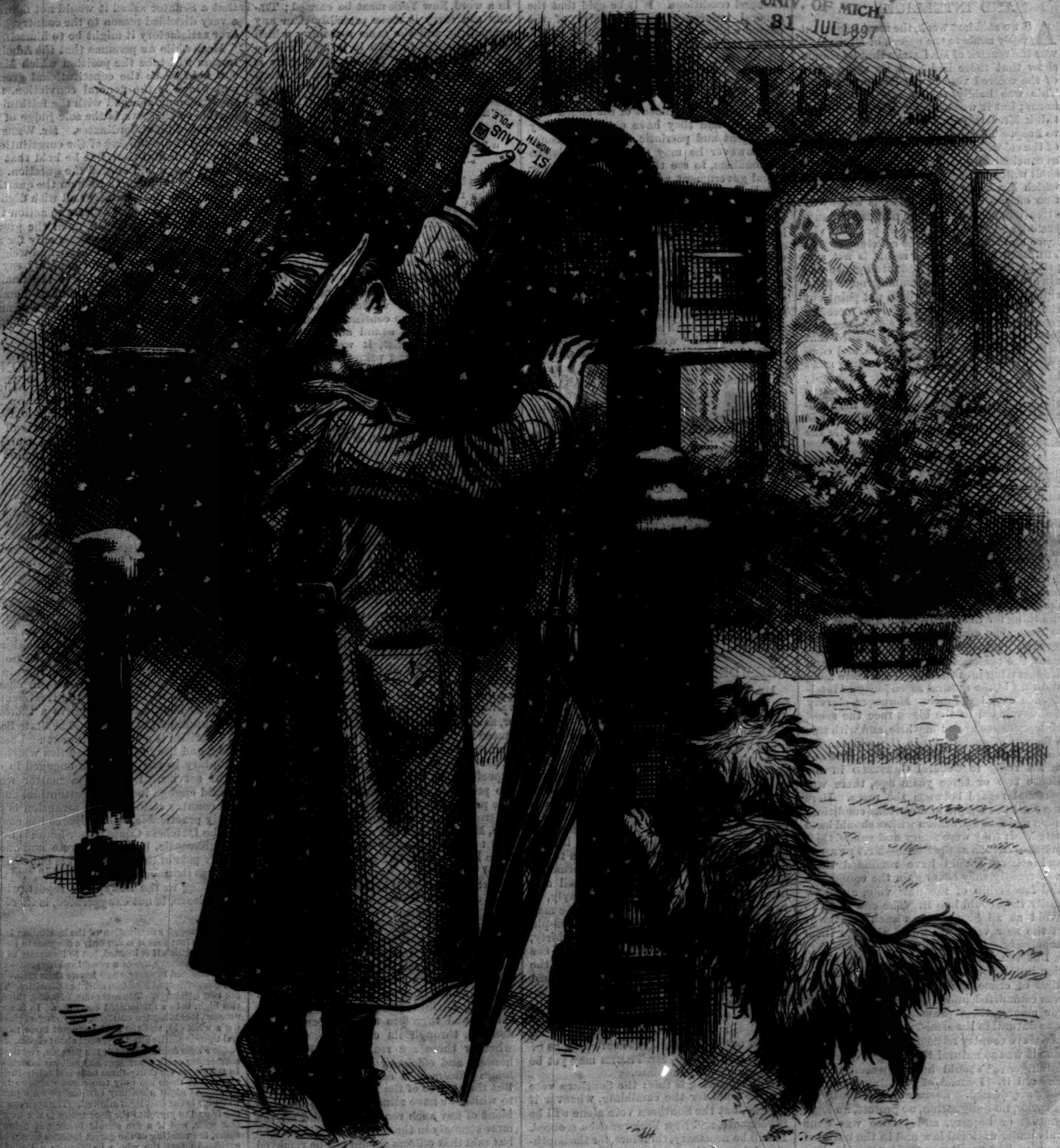

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 4, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving of the Fortress of Ali-Musjeed, and other attractive features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

GOVERNMENT BY "WEALTH AND INTELLIGENCE."

As we said last week, the most important reply made to the speech of Mr. Blaine was the remark of Mr. Lamar that he should show that there had been no suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States. This was boldly taking the bull by the horns; but it was an engagement which we think Mr. Lamar will find it very difficult to keep. The evidence of the suppression of the colored vote in some districts is about as conclusive as that of the election, and we shall watch with great interest the evidence which Mr. Lamar adduces. The explanation offered by Mr. Thurman is worthy of attention, because it is the one usually suggested, and in the absence of proof of violence and fraud it would be conclusive. Mr. Thurman says that the result is not surprising, because wealth and intelligence will always rule. That is a sound general principle; but Mr. Thurman does not point out the reason that this principle was forced to resort for justification to tissue-paper ballots, nor does he say how it happened that it prevented the opening of polls, and compelled voters to go from five to twenty miles to vote. Mr. Thurman's answer is no reply at all to Mr. Blaine's speech, but it is the statement of a principle which, if his Democratic friends in the Southern States had observed, would have gone far to settle the difficulties.

It was plain when the freedmen were made voters that there was but one way for the Southern whites to deal with the situation. They could not reverse the result and undo the war and the reconstruction. In some of the States the colored population was larger than the white. The new colored voters would certainly sympathize with the party that had given them freedom and the suffrage, and they would certainly respect the power which had won the great victory. There was, therefore, but one thing for the whites to do, and that was to remember and act upon the great conservative principle of all popular government, the principle which prevents it from degenerating into the rule of the mere mob, and that is, the natural ascendency of intelligence over ignorance. Moreover, slavery had developed in the black race the sense of dependence upon the white, and with this a feeling of superiority in the whites. In many cases, also, as Mr. Lamar pointed out in his reply to General Garfield in the House two or three years ago, there was personal regard between the races. Here were all the simple and obvious conditions upon which the Southern whites should have acted. If they were angry and sullen, their political friends at the North—Mr. Thurman and others—should have reminded them how readily they could gain the confidence and leadership of the new vote, and how easily they could lose it. The one thing to avoid at all hazards was such treatment of the new voters as would alienate them hopelessly.

But the first sign of meeting the situation in the South was the Ku-Klux. Every kind of crime against the colored people was committed, and a general system of terror among them prevailed. This, indeed, was natural in the semi-barbarous condition of a slave country recently desolated by war. But it was so natural that the "wealth and intelligence" should have foreseen it and resisted it. Instead of resisting, however, they acquiesced. There was apparently no surprise, no indignation, no protest, no legal process or inquiry, and justice was done only under national law and in the national courts. The result was again natural. The new voters felt themselves to be surrounded, and at enormous disadvantage, by relentless enemies. They saw that the only chance of protection of life and property and rights was in alliance with the Republican party, to which they were already bound in gratitude. Most unfortunately for them, however, and for the country, the Republican party was represented to them in great part by unprincipled adventurers. These massed and wielded the colored vote, and the situation in many parts of the South became abnormal and intolerable. The result again was inevitable. The "wealth and intelligence" necessarily united for self-protection, and the word Republicanism came to mean the subversion of society, with rascality and ignorance at the top. It meant to Southern "wealth and intelligence" the most hateful of despotisms, to be resisted at all costs and by every means short of open armed rebellion. The deep and deadly color line was drawn, and the great problem of our politics became more complicated than ever.

There can be no doubt, however, that the result is mainly due to the failure of the Southern whites to win the alliance and control of the colored voters. Granting that there may have been some natural suspicion on the part of the freedmen, it would have been easily and instantly allayed by evidence of kindness and acceptance of the changed conditions. If it be said that the general ignorance and prejudice of the poorer whites make public opinion in the South, the answer is that the "wealth and intelligence," knowing this, should all the more have won the confidence of the freedmen. When they yielded to that ignorance and prejudice they practically confessed that the worst sentiment of the South controlled it, and they have compelled every intelligent and patriotic man in the country, however he may deplore and despise sectionalism, to see that control of the national government won by a solid South is simply government by Southern ignorance and prejudice and hatred of the Yankee and the negro. Government by "wealth and intelligence" is control by natural ascendency. But stuffing boxes and preventing voting is a confession that "wealth and intelligence" do not rule, and that they distrust the only principle and natural law by which they can rightfully rule. The late frauds of all kinds at Southern polls no more prove to the "wealth and intelligence" of the North that such "wealth and intelligence" are coming to rule in the South than the Ku-Klux proved it. And as the violence toward the colored race which followed the war united the patriotism of the North, so will this fraud. The feeling will be more intense for the reason that Mr. Blaine indicates and to which he appeals, namely, that the wrong is a double wrong, defrauding not only the Southern colored man, but the Northern white. It puts the case to the Northern voter not as sympathy for the negro, but as defense of his own rights. Instead of opposing Mr. Blaine's inquiry, the "wealth and intelligence" of the South should unanimously demand it. The refusal of the Democrats in the Senate to vote to lay the resolution upon the table was wise, and Southern "wealth and intelligence" can in no way do the country so much service as by the most hearty co-operation in the inquiry, and the promptest trial and punishment of the offenders.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

Mr. Thurman declines to be a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio, and it is said that he does so because he thinks his election doubtful, and that defeat would be fatal to his Presidential aspirations. But his own explanation is more reasonable and probable. He says that his campaign last year was very severe, and that his serious illness warns him that a man of his age can not wisely undertake the toils of such a campaign. It is exceedingly amusing to note, however, that the stories of his remarkably youthful vigor have begun to appear. As we were constantly informed a little while ago how singularly well and hearty Mr. Tilden was, and how gayly, so to speak, he tossed off his years, so we may now read that Mr. Thurman rolls a ten-pin ball with the vivacious energy of thirty, and that his step is as elastic as that of the doe upon the mountains. But among the Presidential speculations one of the most sagacious and probable is that the light-footed doe will not be required to enter the race for the White House, and that despite the cipher telegrams, which we have all looked upon as the enigmatical epitaphs of Mr. Tilden's hopes, Mr. Tilden may yet be the Democratic candidate.

The reasoning is this: the Southern vote will be solid for the candidate, whoever it may be, but the Southern vote alone will be inadequate, and New York must be secured. It will be necessary, therefore, for the Southern delegates in the Convention to accept the candidate who is surest of New York. It is supposed that cipher telegrams are objectionable to the "solid South" only because they did not procure the result at which they aimed. Now Messrs. Thurman and Hendricks are so unsound upon the financial question that the New York Democratic "money power" would reject them both, so that the nomination of either would certainly lose New York. Mr. Bayard, who is agreeable to the sound-money New York Democrats, and unquestionably their choice, can not carry the State, because it can be carried only by skill and care and experienced management.

But these are the very qualities that Mr. Tilden is supposed to contribute to the situation. He has, or certainly will have, according to this view, the control of the State Committee. His friends have worsted Mr. John Kelly in his own arena, and Mr. Tilden will probably have a very large proportion, if not the majority, of the State delegation to the nominating Convention, so that it would be very inexpedient to set him aside. As for the cipher dispatches, it is asked whether the Plaquemine frauds injured Slidell's standing in his party, and whether the belief that the Republican agents were probably quite as rascally as the Democratic are shown to have been, but have escaped exposure, will not pacify Democratic scruples? In a word, New York must be carried; Tilden can carry it more probably than any competitor, and the same reasoning which was conclusive in 1876 it is held will be conclusive in 1880. In this view there is no place for Messrs. Thurman, or Hendricks, or Bayard, and among the conspicuous candidates, therefore, Mr. Tilden is the most promising.

"REASONS" FOR EXECUTIVE ACTION.

If, as is reported, a demand has been made for the reasons of the President's nomination of new officers in the New York Custom-house, Mr. Conkling, as chairman of the Committee on Commerce, departs from the usual practice of the Senate, and renounces the rules that have hitherto governed its conduct. If such a request could be supposed to mean that the Senate is opposed to removals without real reasons, and in favor of the continuance of officers for whose removal sound and satisfactory reasons do not exist, it would have acknowledged a sound principle of the civil service. If such were the case, it would show, at least, that Mr. Conkling had changed his views radically, since at the close of General Grant's Administration he acquiesced in removals without cause assigned by the President, or asked of him or of any cabinet officer, and held that an officer removed without cause and against protest ought not to complain, for the reason that "he had got the office easily, and had held it for a long time."

The President and the Secretary of the Treasury may give reasons, or decline to give them, at their pleasure. The Tenure-of-office Act, passed to thwart Andrew Johnson, required him to submit to the Senate the reasons of proposed removals. But upon General Grant's entrance to the Presidency this provision was repealed, and the President was no longer compelled to assign reasons. Mr. Conkling was then a Senator, and, we presume, voted for the change. This restored the old understanding, which was that when the President proposed a change he did so upon his responsibility, and the validity of his reasons was to be assumed; or, as an old and authoritative Senator has stated it, "the principle on which the Senate usually proceeds is that if the new nominee is not open to personal objection, it is not expected that the Senate will inquire into the propriety of dropping the incumbent." The practice of the Senate would, of course, control that of its committees. If, therefore, Mr. Conkling has written to the Secretary to ask the reasons for the new nominations in New York, he has departed from the usual practice.

Circumstances forbid the supposition that Mr. Conkling's reported inquiry shows that he has changed his views as to a proper system of appointments and removals, and it can not be assumed from it that were General Grant in the White House the Senator would ask him or his secretaries the reasons of a nomination. It is said, however, that the President holds that honest and faithful officers ought to be retained, and therefore that the Senate may demand, through its committee, to know whether there are reasons involving the honesty and efficiency of the late Custom-house officers that call for their removal. But the change of the Tenure-of-office Law, to which we have alluded, relieves the President of any such requirement, and all the more strongly in the case of a President who has said that officers should not be removed without good reasons, are good reasons to be assumed. We are not now affirming or denying that a sound system requires the giving of reasons for removal. We are merely saying that reasons have never been required except during the brief existence of the original Tenure-of-office Act, and that Mr. Conkling assented to the repeal of the requirement. His purpose in asking reasons now would be to have it inferred, if reasons should be declined, that there are no valid reasons to be given; or, if they should be given, to allow an opportunity of declaring them to be inadequate. The law and the practice assume that the Executive, which is responsible, is satisfied with its own reasons for proposing a change. If, however, a change should now be made by the assistance of Democratic Senators, they will be bound, of course, by the same principle, in case of the inauguration of a Democratic President in 1881, to ask him his reasons for any removals that he may propose. The Democratic Senators will be drawn both ways. They hope to have every branch of the government in 1881. They naturally wish to control the patronage in their States, and will be therefore tempted to sustain that principle in supporting Mr. Conkling. On the other hand, their personal power and influence will be seriously impaired if the President must give reasons for a change. For the fact that a Senator asked it would not figure as a very dignified reason to the country, however satisfactory it might be to himself.

Meanwhile we presume that the Administration will take the position which Madison held to be the constitutional ground, and which is the general conviction, that the President, charged with the faithful execution of the laws, is the sole judge of the removal of his subordinates. Mr. Webster doubted the soundness of the constitutional view of Mr. Madison, but he held that unbroken usage had settled the question. If the Senate proposes to re-open the question, it should be done frankly and with dignity. If Mr. Conkling now objects to action that he has always sustained, upon the ground that removals should be made only for reasons assigned by the Executive and weighed by the Senate, he should candidly say so. If, however, he still holds to the familiar practice of the Senate to confirm nominations except for personal cause, a demand for specific reasons is simply an impertinence.

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

It is in the brilliant *Eothen*, we believe, that Kinglake describes a dead pauper as well out of the scrape of being old and poor. The recent revolting reports of the condition of the Onondaga and Dutchess County poor-houses in this State remind the most careless reader of the immense amount of suffering of that kind all around us. Nothing in the reports is more disgraceful than that which relates to the condition of the insane poor, and Mrs. Lowell, of the State Board of Charities, has forcibly and seasonably called the attention of the Board of Apportionment of the City and County of New York to the imperative necessity of increased accommodations for the decent and proper care of this most unfortunate class. In most counties insane poor persons are sent at once to the county house, where there is and can be no proper intelligence or means to care for them, and where the suffering is necessarily great, yet not always with just blame to the persons in charge. But the whole subject of the treatment of the poor in this State requires a thorough and intelligent attention. The State Board of Charities is a very intelligent and active body, and the State aid societies which are tributary to the board are engaged in efficient service. But it is a matter which should engage individual attention, and in the country counties such attention is perfectly practicable, as experience has shown.

The Dutchess County poor-house is not in Poughkeepsie, but in a remote and rather lonely part of the county. It is out of sight, and has therefore been out of mind, and this, according to the newspaper report, which, as we learn, is not exaggerated, is its condition:

> "A thorough examination of the institution has revealed the fact that it is not only a disgrace to the rich county in which it is located, but to humanity as well. The surroundings are of a revolting character—a fact fully sustained in reports and letters from members of sub-committees of the State Board of Charities. There are two buildings. The main one, of wood, three stories high, is in a dilapidated condition. In it are 114 persons, including ten children, the youngest child being a week old, and the next youngest three months, and there is a little blind boy, aged about eleven. Some of the rooms contain eight or ten persons, and the odor permeating every apartment and hallway is sickening. In the garret are thirty-three beds and thirty-three inmates, and there are only two small windows in the room. At night a solitary candlestick on a piece of iron pipe is the only light allowed. The stairway leading from the garret to the floor below is not over two feet wide, and if a fire should break out below the stairs, the roasting of the garret inmates would be insured. In fact, the whole building is a tinder-box, and there is an utter lack of fire-escapes. The ventilation of the building has been entirely neglected, rendering the situation almost intolerable. Added to the above facts is another of a most outrageous character, to wit, there is no place on the premises in which to place the sick. They can not be separated from the well, but must lie where sickness finds them, whether the disease be contagious or not. But the most disgraceful part of the property is the in-

sane building. It is of frame, two low stories, thirty-six feet long and twenty-four feet wide. It contains about twenty wooden cells, eight feet by ten, and in this small building are sixty inmates! If the odor in the main building is sickening, the stench in the insane building is simply horrible, and the sights witnessed there yesterday have roused the indignation of some of the county rulers. To be sure, there are only a few of the sixty insane, and some of them only partially so, but that makes the matter worse, for sane and insane are packed together. One of the inmates is a bright-looking boy with a really handsome face. He was compelled to go to the poor-house because of a sprained ankle. He is a constant reader, and is very intelligent and cleanly; but he is forced to while away his hours in the loathsome hole amid the chattering of the insane, and breathing with every breath the foulest of air. Altogether there are 174 inmates in the two buildings, when the real capacity of both cribs is not over 100."

Such a tale recalls **JOHN HOWARD**'s descriptions of the loathsome jails that he visited in Europe. The report states that the supervisors had just made a thorough examination, and that this was the situation which they discovered. But has it not been always the duty of the supervisors to know the condition of the poor-house? and if that condition becomes so frightful as this, who are responsible if not they? It is their business to supervise every county institution, and to prevent just such abuses as these. Such evils have been long known to the State Board. Their reports are full of the most startling revelations of them. Since the disclosures in the Onondaga institution the board has verified the truth of the reports, and its sub-committee with that of the Supervisors has made a preliminary report recommending three changes: competent paid attendants, and no pauper care of the insane; the immediate demolition of the dungeons; and no permanent occupation of the present buildings. We are glad to state that the Board of Supervisors instantly and on the spot ordered the demolition of the dungeons, and it is but fair that their prompt action should be known. Further co-operation on their part will lead to the correction of the worst abuses.

Mr. **DONNELLY**, one of the State Board, in a letter to the *Sun*, states some interesting facts. The law requires that the counties shall send their chronic insane to the Willard Asylum, except when, in the judgment of the State Board, the counties made proper local provision. But the Willard Asylum is already overcrowded, and the county parsimony is such that county provision must be distrusted; and if the State Board decline exemption, it can be procured from the Legislature, as in a recent case where the county care of the insane was "abominable beyond description." The correction of these abuses is an urgent work, in which the press can be of the most efficient service, and a few resolute people in every county could produce great reforms.

POLITICAL "GAG."

RETRENCHMENT and reform in all public expenses are excellent things, and every good citizen heartily approves them. But retrenchment and reform as a piece of political "gag" are exceedingly contemptible, and every good citizen knows it. This "gag" annually appears in the debate upon the appropriations for the foreign diplomatic service, upon which occasion we are told of the reckless and riotous way in which American foreign ministers endeavor to ape the manners of an effete European aristocracy by squandering the "people's money." Those who have seen this "aping" carried on by gentlemen who are often vainly striving to maintain the becoming dignity and character of their official positions upon the amount of the "people's money" allotted for their salaries can best appreciate the silly Buncombe of this talk.

The case is perfectly plain. If Congress is of opinion that foreign legations are useless, it ought to abolish them. But if it thinks that the public interest requires that they should be maintained, they should be maintained decently. The question, then, would be not for how much money can a man buy bread and meat and hire a bedroom in a foreign capital, but how large a salary will enable him, not to vie with princes, but to live in the general way that the ministers of other first-rate powers like the United States live. If the foreign legations are to be maintained, this is the question, and it can not be answered by saying that any honest and moderate man can live any where in the world reputably on five thousand dollars a year. The large majority of people in this country and in any great capital in the world live decently upon less than that sum, and if this be the standard, Congress can readily decide that no foreign representative of the United States ought to be paid more than five thousand dollars of the "people's money."

Congress evidently thinks that it would be unwise to abolish the legations, and in this conclusion it is undoubtedly supported by public opinion. It may be very sure that it is equally supported by public opinion in making proper provision for the foreign ministers of the government, and that there is no popular wish that one or two or three thousand dollars should be taken from any of the chief salaries. The spirit that is readiest in the name of economy to demand this kind of cheese-paring would be the first to resent the necessity which might compel an American representative to live in a three-story-back and to expose the American name to ludicrous comments and comparisons. We are glad, therefore, to see that the committee of the Senate has restored the usual appropriations for the maintenance of the foreign representatives, and we do not believe that the House itself will grieve this year more than it grieved last year if its Buncombe reductions fail.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A GENTLEMAN who gives us his name, and who held a position in one of the Southern States under the national government for a dozen years, wishes Republicans to bear in mind that the recent frauds in the Southern elections have an unhappy precedent under Republican ascendency. He says: "I was a resident of Arkansas during reconstruction, and Eagle Township, in Pulaski County, cast more votes for reconstruction than there were men, women, children, and dogs in said township on election day. Official figures will demonstrate this. The offenses were not confined to certain points, but extended the length and breadth of the State."

We have stated elsewhere that the Republican party has suffered from many of its representatives and their practices in the Southern States. But rascality on one side does not offset that on the other. The question of fraud at the polls is in no sense a party question, and our correspondent would certainly not excuse the rascality of to-day by that of yesterday. Election frauds are to be exposed and punished not because they help or harm one party or another party, but because they wound the government itself, and lead straight to civil convulsion and anarchy.

JUDGE DAVIS ON TEMPERANCE.

THE other evening, at the house of Mr. **WILLIAM E. DODGE**, Judge **NOAH DAVIS** delivered a temperance lecture which as a substantial contribution to a good cause has not been often surpassed. When a chief judge, known for the good sense and moderation of his views, gives us his opinion of the criminal and tax-paying aspects of the temperance question, he does a great public service. Dr. **CROSBY** has already shown in what way the great evil can be practically attacked by those who differ widely upon every point except that the laws should be enforced, and Mr. **DODGE** was justified in his remark, upon introducing Judge **DAVIS**, that there is a more generally intelligent feeling upon the subject than ever before. The fact that the country is spending annually between $600,000,000 and $700,000,000 in intoxicating drinks, and that an equal amount is spent as the result of their use, appeals irresistibly to every tax-payer.

Judge **DAVIS** said that crime is the mercury of a political and moral thermometer, which temperance and intemperance affect as heat and cold. This has produced the criminal common law principle that drunkenness is no excuse for crime, because, if it were so, all crime would prepare and fortify itself by intoxication. He cited the experience of great judges to establish the fact that drunkenness is the chief cause of crime. Chief Justice **MATTHEW HALE**, more than two hundred years ago, attributes four-fifths of the criminal cases to excessive drinking; and Lord Chief Baron **KELLY**, probably the oldest living judge on the English bench, estimates that two-thirds of the crimes that come before the courts are occasioned chiefly by intemperance. Inspectors of prisons and other law and penal officers concur in the opinion.

The judge then shows by striking statistics that decrease in drunkenness, as indicated by a diminished sale of intoxicating liquor, is accompanied in a remarkably equal ratio by decrease of crime. So where there is partial or total prohibition the result is the same. He speaks of Vineland, of a town in Western New York, and of Bavaria, in Illinois, as illustrating this relation of sobriety to good order. And every reader can probably supply similar illustrations from his own knowledge. The judge proceeds to test the rule by the experience of the city of New York, which shows that criminal arrests decline with a restricted sale of liquor. He concluded by urging all good citizens to prevent any backward steps in our excise laws. The present laws, in his judgment, can be enforced, and Dr. **CROSBY** and his society should be earnestly supported, and the Civil Damage Act put in operation. The hand of brotherly sympathy should be offered to those victims who are trying to reclaim themselves, for our neighbor is the suffering and struggling man. Dr. **HALL** followed Judge **DAVIS** with an appeal for temperate tables on New-Year's Day; and after a few further remarks an evening ended which must be of great public benefit.

PERSONAL.

WILLIAM WIRT HENRY, grandson of **PATRICK HENRY**, is a prominent member of the Richmond bar, and one of the leading members of the Virginia Legislature.

—Cadet **FLIPPER**, the first colored man who ever graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, is about to publish a work entitled *The Colored Cadet at West Point*, in which he will give an account of his personal experiences at that institution, and the treatment he received from the cadets and professors.

—The will of **MARTIN LUTHER**, which has long been in the archives of the Evangelical Church of Hungary, has been critically examined by a committee of experts, who, after comparing every word of the manuscript with a number of original letters in **LUTHER**'s handwriting, have unanimously agreed that it is the genuine handiwork of the Reformer. Up to this time there had been a shadow of doubt as to its genuineness. Concerning wills it is a curious fact that not a scrap of **SHAKSPEARE**'s handwriting is in existence excepting his will (which is by no means very creditable to him).

—It would be curious if in the next Congress the work of organizing the House of Representatives should be a repetition of the scene at the organization in 1859, when eight Antislavery Democrats dictated the organization of the House. These were **JOHN G. DAVIS**, of Indiana; **GARNETT B. ADRIAN** and **JETUR R. RIGGS**, of New Jersey; **HORACE F. CLARK**, **JOHN H. REYNOLDS**, and **JOHN B. HASKIN**, of New York; and **JOHN HICKMAN** and **JOHN SWARTZ**, of Pennsylvania. All of these are dead with the exception of **JOHN B. HASKIN**, of Fordham, who is active and vigorous as ever, and took a leading part in the combinations which led to the defeat of the Tammany Hall Democracy last November. Although there is claimed to be a Democratic majority of about fifteen in the next House, it is believed that there are enough Independent Democrats to dictate the organization.

—Of the fascinating story by **HENRY JAMES**, Jun., entitled "An International Episode," published simultaneously in *Harper's Bazar* and in an English magazine, the London *Spectator* says: "It is marked by all the author's delicate observation. It is life in Newport he is on this time, and any body with a taste for literary *vol-au-vent* should, carefully selecting a moment when he is lazy and faintly bored, sit down and enjoy. We can not imagine a better half hour than he will get, or see the slightest necessity for settling what it is that will give him so much pleasure. Why is the 'croquancy' of chocolate so nice as well as the flavor? When that is clearly ascertained, it will be worth while to criticise the writing of **HENRY JAMES**, Jun."

—Hon. **GEORGE P. MARSH** has been probably longer in the higher diplomatic service of the country than any of his predecessors. He was minister resident to Turkey from 1842 to 1853, and in 1861 was appointed minister resident to Italy, a position he has adorned for the last seventeen years. With perhaps the single exception of Mr. **CALEB CUSHING**, he is the finest linguist who has represented the United States abroad.

—Mr. **THURLOW WEED**, at his spacious and elegant home in East Twelfth Street, his private sanctum as well as the parlors and dining-room above looking out over the lawn of the Presbyterian church to Fifth Avenue, is made the subject of an interesting sketch in Colonel **FORNEY**'s *Progress*: "Here he lives, surrounded with the substantial comforts and elegancies of a well-appointed metropolitan home. He goes out frequently, never much regarding weather, and visits many friends and attends meetings of societies. His library is a marvel of autobiographic material, a sort of crystallization of the stirring events of the half century that preceded his retirement. There are not many printed books, but the peculiar wealth is in the manuscripts and pictures, the letters and likenesses of hundreds of leading men, of men prominent not only in politics and party-craft, but in literature, art, science, religion, and life generally; not only Americans, but also English, French, Germans, Belgians, and other nationalities; and not all in English, but many in other languages. Of letters there are between thirty and forty bound volumes, one or more being devoted to each individual—such as **J. Q. ADAMS**, **LINCOLN**, **SEWARD**—each volume lettered with names of writers and with dates, and every volume indexed fully. In addition to these bound letters, there are in pigeon-holes, alphabetically arranged, more than five thousand miscellaneous letters. These, with those in the volumes, are addressed to Mr. **WEED**, and from the prominent men of his day—the past two generations of letter-writing men. All his manuscript treasury the distinguished owner fondly attributes to the daughterly love of his faithful amanuensis, whose wonderful faculty of order and watchfulness has thus preserved and thus put into shape for immediate use a mass of material probably not equalled of its kind in America. This daughter is the genius of his home. She took, so far as a devoted daughter could, the place of his wife twenty years ago, and became his amanuensis also when the younger **SEWARD**, who had been his secretary for many years, went to Washington with his father."

—The Rev. Dr. **TAYLOR**, several of whose works have been published by **HARPER & BROTHERS**, stated during a late sermon at the Broadway Tabernacle that the Baptists and the Friends are believed to be the only religious sects that have not at some time indulged in some form of persecution. An eminent Baptist clergyman suggests, however, that the reason may be that they never had the power.

—Professor **A. W. WARD** has undertaken to write on **CHAUCER**, and Mr. **HENRY JAMES**, Jun., on **HAWTHORNE**, for Messrs. **MACMILLAN & CO.**'s series of "English Men of Letters," edited by **JOHN MORLEY**, and published in this country by **HARPER & BROTHERS**.

—Mr. **JOHN M'CULLOUGH**, who is now among the foremost of tragedians at home or abroad, says that the public taste for good tragic acting has by no means declined, but that new actors are too indolent and eager for money to study the solid Shakspearean parts. The multiplicity of theatres and the frivolity of audiences have tempted novitiates to crowd into the social drama—the mere talking drama—and cease to study classical parts. **SHAKSPEARE**'s plays never drew so much money to the treasury of the theatre as at the present time, and *Julius Cæsar* was never so well played or mounted so well, either here or in England, as it was at Booth's Theatre. Mr. **M'CULLOUGH**'s professional income is from $1000 to $2500 a week. **EDWIN BOOTH** has made more money than any actor who ever played Shakspeare. At the California Theatre, in 1878, then managed by Mr. **M'CULLOUGH**, Mr. **BOOTH** was engaged for eight weeks at half the gross receipts, and received for his share $30,000.

—**LEO XIII.** is inaugurating several reforms, one of which is of especial value to artists—the removal of restrictions to study in the art galleries of the Vatican, which were imposed in 1870. With the exception of fête days and Saturdays, students can now study and copy from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

—English papers allude to the probability that the Duke of Sutherland, who in an unlucky hour took four shares of stock in the Glasgow Bank, will be made to pay nigh on to £1,000,000, as the stockholders are personally liable for the bank's entire indebtedness. The duke's net income is about $600,000 per annum, none of which has ever been squandered in fast living. In London his palatial home, Stafford House, has always been open to distinguished foreigners, and it was here that **GARIBALDI** staid when visiting England ten years ago. The duke is a good-hearted, liberal, "go-ahead" man, and has applied his fortune generously for the public good. Both Englishmen and Scotchmen sympathize with him in this unexpected and severe misfortune.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate passed Mr. Edmunds's Electoral Bill, on the 13th ult., by a vote of 35 to 26. The House ordered an investigation into Commissioner Davenport's acts in connection with the New York election.—On the 14th, the House referred the Presidential Election Bill to the committee on the subject.—In the House, on the 16th, a proposition to suspend the rules and pass a bill to make it a penal offense for government officers to interfere in Congressional elections, or to solicit or receive campaign contributions, failed by a vote of 132 to 103, or less than a two-thirds vote.—On the 17th, the Vice-President laid before the Senate Secretary Sherman's reply to the request of Mr. Beck for information concerning the payment of silver dollars for interest on the public debt, which was in effect that they had not specifically been so applied. The Senate passed the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, restoring all the salaries to the amounts now paid. Senator Blaine's resolution to investigate the Southern election frauds was adopted by a vote of 56 to 6. The House passed the bill appropriating $450,000 to cover the postal-car deficiency.—On the 18th, a joint resolution appropriating $50,000 for the yellow fever investigation passed both Houses. The Senate amended the *posse comitatus* clause of the Army Bill so that it shall not be construed to apply to troops operating against the Indians. The Senate also passed the Pension Appropriation Bill. The President nominated L. Bradford Prince, of New York, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico. Both Houses agreed to adjourn from December 20 to January 7.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British advance in Afghanistan continues. The officials and notables of Jelalabad arrived at Dakka on the 13th ult., to tender their submission and services, and four days later General Browne commenced his march in that direction with the purpose of occupying the town. General Biddulph, the commander of the Quetta column, has constructed a road over the Khojak Pass.—A St. Petersburg dispatch says the Russian mission at Cabool has been formally and officially withdrawn.

Mr. Whitbread's motion censuring the British government for its Afghan policy was rejected in the House of Commons on the 13th ult., by a vote of 328 to 227. On the 17th, the House voted on the government proposal that part of the war expenses shall be levied on India. Mr. Fawcett's amendment that the proposition was unjust was rejected by a vote of 235 to 125. Mr. Stanhope's resolution was then adopted without a division. Parliament adjourned until February 13. During the debate Sir Stafford Northcote said he considered that under ordinary circumstances India should bear the expense of hostilities with her immediate neighbors; but the case would be different if a distant enemy was moving on India, because that would be hostility to the empire. He trusted the war was nearly concluded. They would be better informed in a month as to its real extent and significance.—Lord Lytton, on the 17th, reviewed 3000 auxiliaries furnished by native princes. He made a speech, in the course of which he declared that Great Britain was never an ungenerous foe, but justice must precede generosity. He hoped the Ameer, warned by his disasters, would render unnecessary further operations. The auxiliaries go to Peshawur to guard the communications of the Khyber column.

In a speech delivered in the French Senate on the 14th ult., M. Waddington, the Foreign Minister, said he was happy to say that, despite certain hankerings for doing more or less than the Treaty of Berlin requires, all the cabinets—those having something to gain as well as those having something to lose by such divergences—have ultimately seen that the execution of the treaty on all sides is the only way of not jeopardizing the peace of Europe.

Count Andrassy, speaking before the Hungarian delegation, on the 15th ult., declared that the annexation of Servia and Montenegro would be a most perverted and unhappy policy.

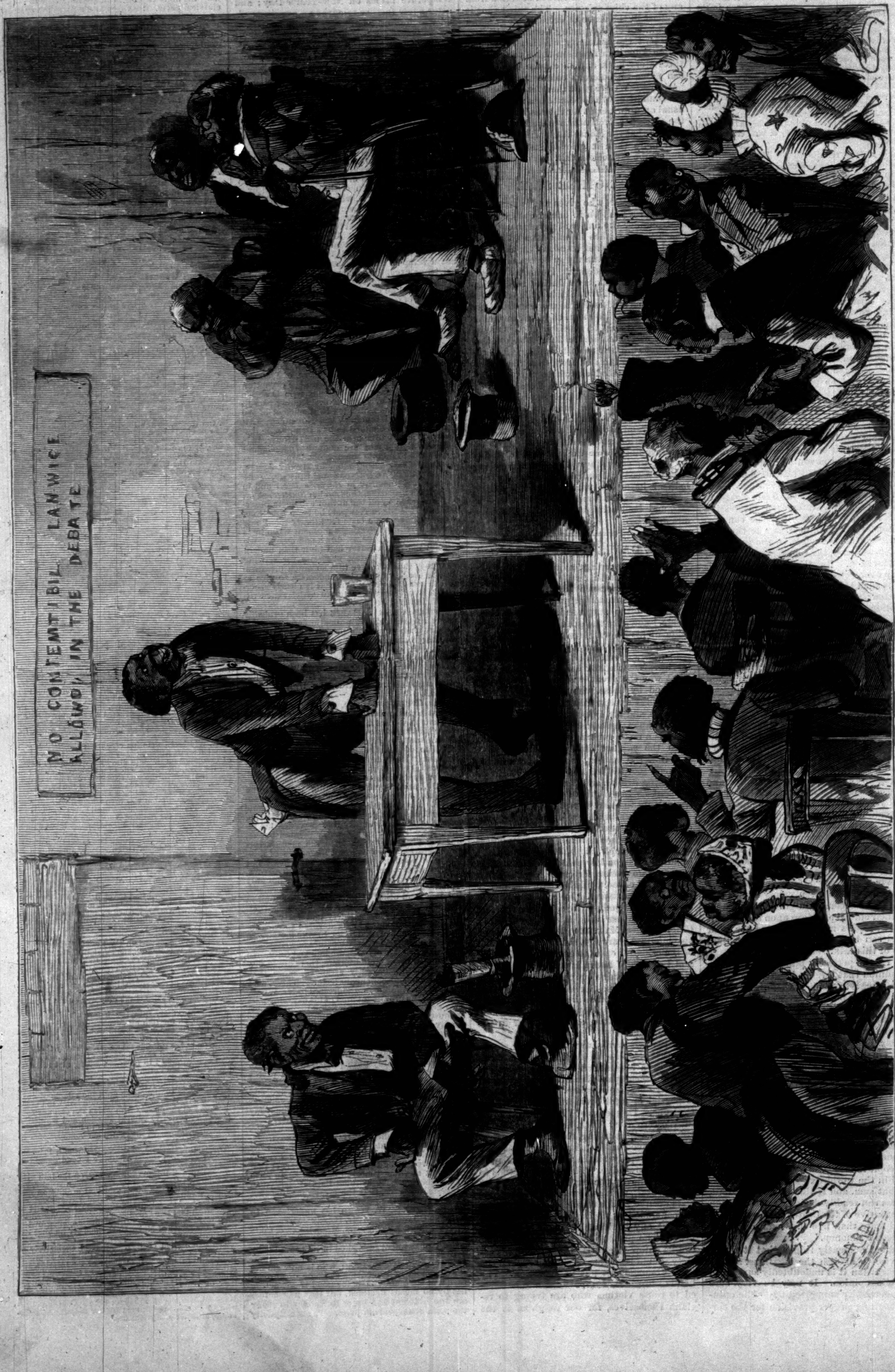
The Porte has informed the Servian envoy that Servians have burned several Turkish villages. The envoy has telegraphed to Belgrade, asking that satisfaction be given the Porte.

The Eastern Roumelian Commission has decided to suspend its labors, return to Constantinople, and not re-assemble at Philippopolis until the middle of next April. The failure of the Commission is due to the insufficiency of the powers with which the commissioners were endowed to combat Russian and Bulgarian obstruction. Great Britain seems to have persevered the longest, but finally instructed her commissioner to return.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, Princess Alice of England, Queen Victoria's second daughter, died of diphtheria on the 14th ult.

In the British House of Commons, on the 13th ult., Mr. Bourke, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replying to Sir Charles Dilke, said that a question had been put quite recently by a foreign government respecting the judicial arrangements in Cyprus. It is understood that this refers to a question addressed by the United States to the British government, growing out of the arrest of Major Di Cesnola for making excavations in the island of Cyprus.

The new Italian cabinet, composed exclusively of members of the Left, is as follows: Signor Depretis, President of the Council, Minister of the Interior, and Minister of Foreign Affairs *ad interim*; Signor Tajani, Minister of Justice; General Mazé de la Roche, Minister of War; Admiral Ferraci, Minister of Marine; Signor Mezzanotto, Minister of Public Works; Signor Magliani, Minister of Finance; Signor Coppino, Minister of Public Instruction; Signor Majorana-Calatabiano, Minister of Agriculture.


NO CONTEMTIBIL LANWICE ALLOWD IN THE DEBATE
LAGARDE

THE BLACKVILLE DEBATING SOCIETY—"WEDDER LORD DORWIN INVOLVED HISSELF OR SOMEBODY ELSE"—THE SCORNER IN THE CORNER WILL REPLY.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

FROM A BOTTLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE bottle, filled with water, was hidden behind a picture in the pretty parlor, and in the water was growing a sturdy ivy vine, which had climbed up and caught hold of the cord that held the picture, and, in its joy at reaching so great a height, had thrown out two cheerful, glossy, light green leaves that looked smilingly down on the larger, darker leaves below.

The children had all gone to bed. Their stockings were hanging in a row under the mantel in the dining-room. Four of them. One pink and white, and very short in the leg—that was the two-year-old baby's; one red and black—that was five-year-old Tom's; one striped with buff and purple—that was seven-year-old May's; and one checked in blue and gray—that was nine-year-old Maud's.

The grown people were up stairs dressing the spare room—(grandmamma—the dear old lady!—was coming from her cottage in the country to spend holiday week)—with Christmas greens.

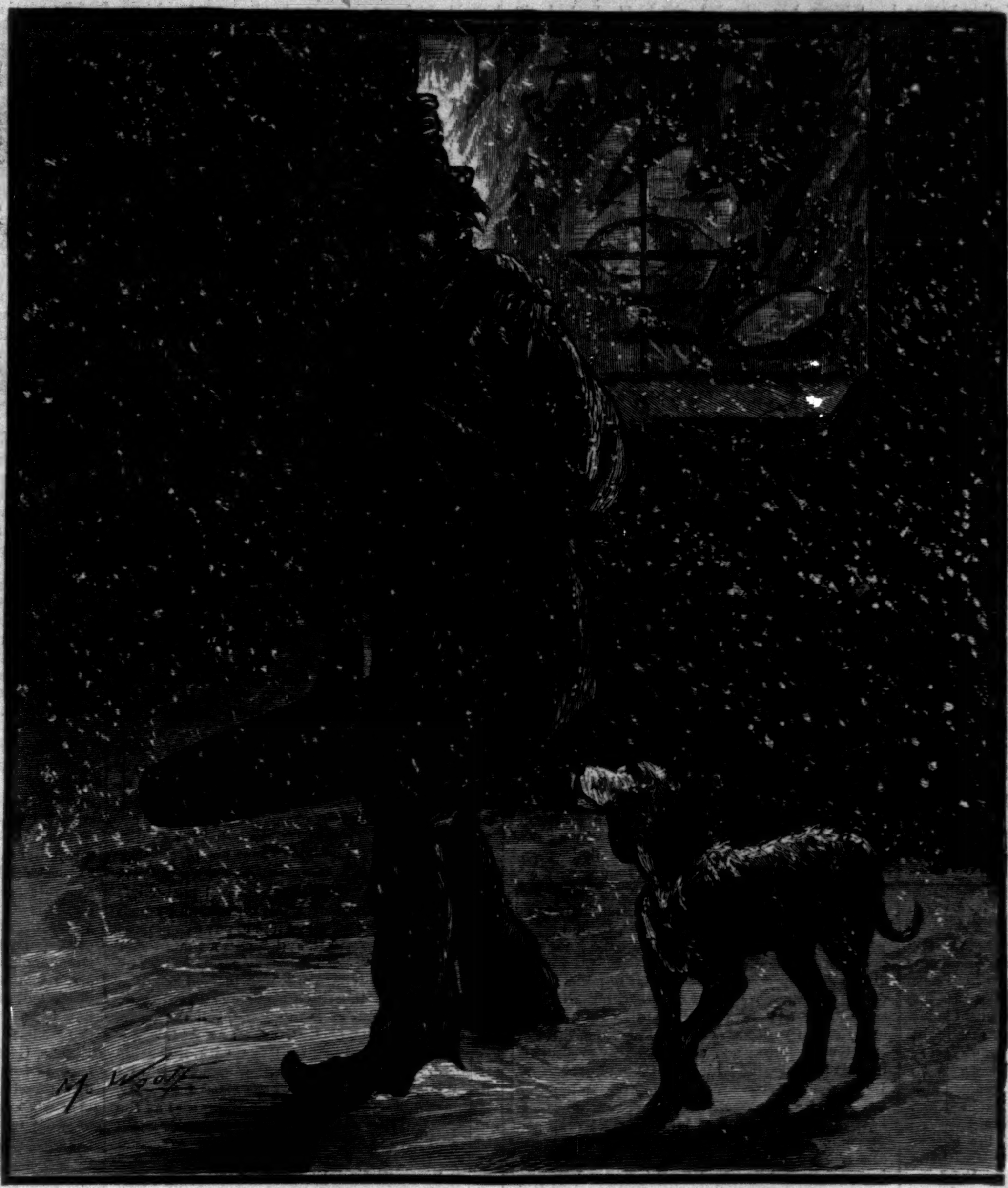
The parlor was already dressed. Festoons of jolly, cold-defying winter vines dotted with bright red berries hung from the ceiling and enwreathed the gilt chandelier, wreaths, garlands, and crosses of autumn leaves brightened the gray walls, and bunches of slender dried grasses nodded from quaint, small white pitchers and pretty little vases.

"How lovely the parlor looks to-night!" said a delicate voice from one corner of the room, and a tall, feathery spear of grass bent gracefully forward.

"Lovely!" repeated a bunch of autumn leaves from the opposite corner.

"And how happy we should be," said the ivy, "to think that *we* help to make it so! And yet when I was first taken from my parent vine—'twas in last October—I thought I should never cease to regret the outer life. But I have been sheltered from winter's cruel winds and heavy snows, and tended with kindly care and tender love, and I've no doubt, if I remain here during the summer, I shall find it just as pleasant to look at the sweet faces and hear the happy voices of the dear children as to see the gay butterflies and listen to the songs of the birds. But you, Bottle"—looking down at the bottle which held her and the water that gave her life—"aren't you rather lonely? Shut in between the back of the picture and the wall, you can see nothing."

"I can see *you*, dear Ivy," answered the bottle, in a clear, rippling voice, "and you are a very pleasant thing to look upon; and in the mornings I can see a long sunbeam on the wall, and *that* is a very pleasant thing to look upon. And as for being lonely—not a bit of it: I'm as happy as I can be. And you would say I ought to be happy if you but knew the life I used to lead before I had the honor and pleasure of supporting you."



THE POOR MUSICIAN—BEFORE THE MIRTH BEGINS.—[DRAWN BY M. WOOLF.]

"Tell us all about it—pray do," begged many little voices.

"Hear! hear! hear!" barked the bronze dog that stood on the top of the marble clock. "A story from the bottle."

"A story from the bottle," repeated the feather duster, as it hopped quickly in, on its one wooden leg, from the hall, where it had been lying on the mat. "*I* must hear it too. Clock, couldn't you stop ticking for a little while?"

"Sorry I can't oblige you," said the clock, in a fairy-bell-like tone; "but I was wound up this afternoon, and so I must go on for a week; but I'll tick as softly as possible, and you won't notice it as soon as the story begins."

"Now, Bottle," barked the small bronze dog, "we're all ready."

"Yes, go ahead," called the drummer-boy from the lid of the match-safe.

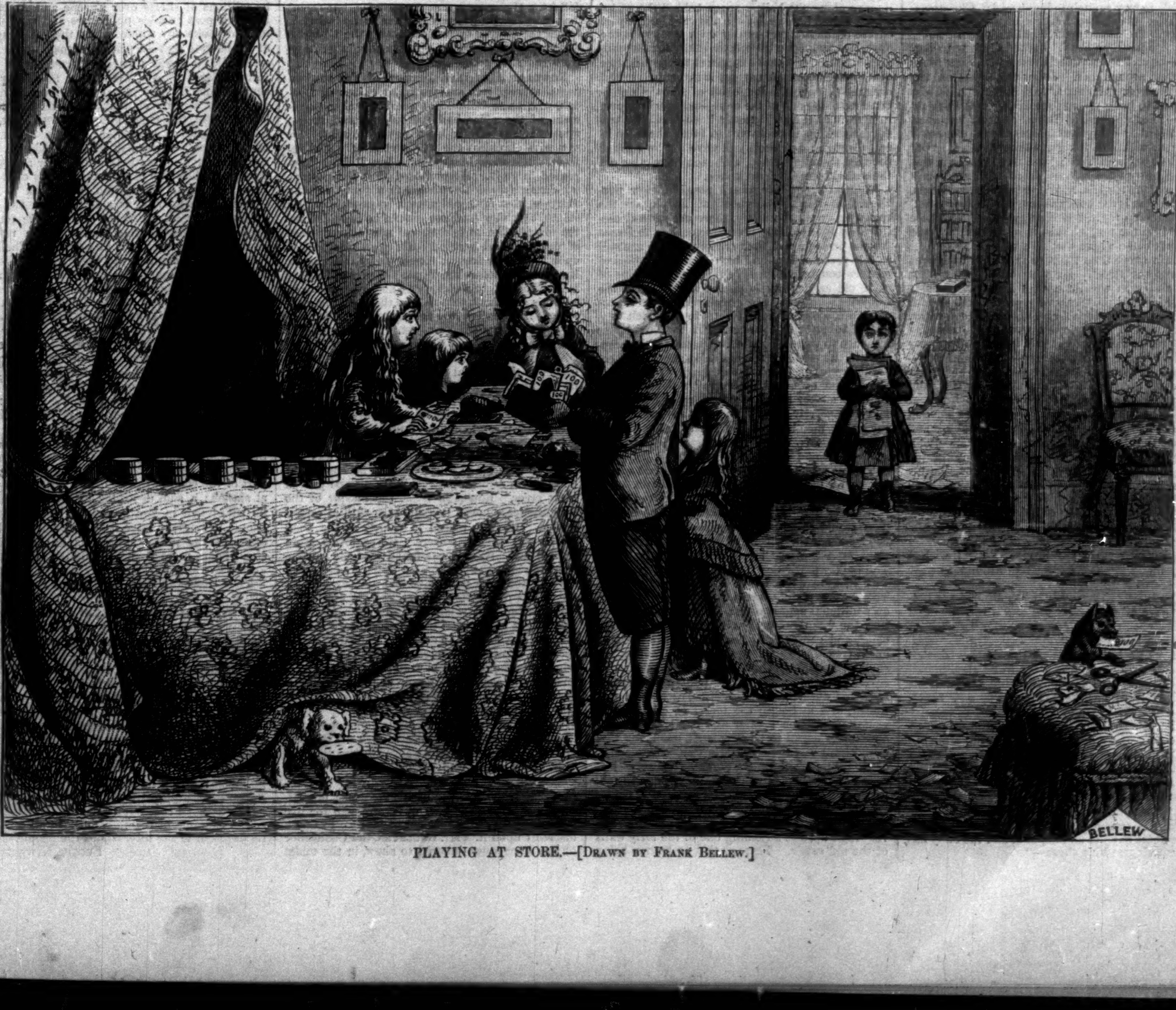
"Well, if you insist upon it, and it really will give you pleasure," said the bottle, modestly, "although I had no intention of telling a story when I spoke of my past life, I *will* go ahead. I'll begin with the time just after I left the manufactory."

"Manufactory?" said the ivy.

"*Manufactory*," explained the bottle—"a place where they make bottles."

"Oh!" said the ivy. "You see, I didn't know, 'cause there's no place where they make ivies. Ivies grow."

"I left the manufactory," con-



PLAYING AT STORE.—[DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.]

tinued the bottle, "with a number of other bottles enough like me to have been my brothers and sisters."

"Perhaps they were," barked the bronze dog.

"Very likely," said the bottle. "And we were all carried down into a dismal place called a cellar, and filled with some dark-looking stuff that both tasted and smelled very—"

"Unpleasantly," hinted the ivy.

"'Unpleasantly,' yes; thank you, that's the word," said the bottle. "Then corks were forced into our mouths, and we were taken to a large store, where we were ranged around on shelves in company with hundreds of other bottles of all shapes and sizes. Of course we couldn't speak to each other; but for all that, we didn't lead a quiet life, for the store was always full of men from morning until night, and often far into the night too. Such a thirsty crowd as they were! always wanting something to drink, and getting noisier and thirstier all the time. Well, one evening a bright-looking, pleasant-faced young man came in. 'A bottle of your very best whiskey,' said he. 'It's my birthday, and I have some friends coming to spend the evening, and I must make a bowl of punch.' The man behind the counter took me down from the shelf ('Oho!' thought I, 'it's whiskey I hold, is it? I wonder what that's good for'?), wrapped me in white paper, and handed me to the pleasant-faced young man, who put me in his overcoat pocket and hurried home. That was the beginning of it."

"Ah, indeed," said the feather duster; "so that was the beginning of it? By-the-bye, may I ask, the beginning of what?"

"The misery and unhappiness in this house," answered the bottle.

"In *this* house?" echoed the many little voices.

"Yes," said the bottle. "I wasn't a welcome visitor, I assure you, for as John—our master, you know—took me from his pocket and set me upon the table, Agnes—our mistress, you know—said, 'Oh, John, John, I wouldn't.' But he only kissed her and baby Lou—"

"Bless her little heart!" barked the bronze dog.

"—And said, 'Nonsense, my dear.' And John's friends came, and the punch was made, and that was the beginning of it; and I began to find out that very night, not what whiskey was good for, but what it was bad for."

"What?" asked the ivy.

"For men's heads and hearts," answered the bottle, solemnly. "It makes them silly and crazy and unkind and selfish. It brings poverty, tears, and disgrace to the happiest home, takes all the sunshine out of little children's lives, and clouds even the blessed Christmas-day. After that night I was scarcely ever empty. John drank every day more and more, and our dear mistress began to look pale and shabby, and the children couldn't go to school, their clothes were so patched and their shoes were so broken. As for the baby—"

"Bless her golden curls!" barked the bronze dog.

"—*She* pattered about the house in her tiny bare feet, because she had no shoes at all, and every thing grew dark and forlorn, and at last there was scarcely money enough to buy bread. Christmas-eve came. Agnes—our dear mistress—sat before the small fire in the grate, holding baby Lou—"

"Bless her blue eyes!" barked the bronze dog.

"—Upon her knee, and the other children were gathered around her. John was lying on the lounge asleep. 'Mamma,' said May, 'in old times we used to hang up our stockings on Christmas-eve.' 'Did we?' asked Tom. 'I don't 'member. What for.' 'Why, Santa Claus used to come and fill them with nice things,' answered May. 'Oh, Santa Caus,' said Tom; 'the boy next door was telling me something 'bout him to-day. *Why* won't he come here to-night? We've been good chilluns, and mamma is the honeyest mamma in the world.' May made no reply, but Maud, glancing up where I stood on the mantel, said, in a whisper, 'I guess he don't come where there's a bottle.'

"In a short time their papa awoke and went out into the street. Mamma looked sadly after him, and then the little ones knelt by her side and said their prayers, every prayer ending with 'God bless dear papa!' and bade her good-night. If bottles had hearts, mine would have ached, I am sure, when I saw that sad, lonely woman bury her face in her hands and cry—oh, so bitterly!—as soon as the children were gone, and heard her sob out, 'Oh, save him, save him, dear God, and bring back the light of happiness to my dear children, for the sake of the Christ-Child born on the holy Christmas-day!' And as she sobbed and prayed the door of the room opened, and John came in, sober, and with a tender look in his face and a bright light in his eyes. Down on his knees he fell before the sweet mamma, and held out his arms to her, while he cried, in a broken voice, with the tears running down his cheeks, 'Never again, my good, patient wife—never, *never*, NEVER again.'"

"Oh dear!" said the bronze dog, "I wish I could move my tail far enough around to wipe my eyes with it."

"And the small stockings," continued the bottle, "were hung up after all, and a few toys and candies put in them; and John, who hadn't been asleep on the lounge—"

"I knew it!" screamed the feather duster, jumping straight up and down in its glee.

"—But wide-awake, and listening to what his children said, has kept his word, and never, never—"

"I'd like to drum," interrupted the drummer-boy on top of the match-safe, "but my arms are so stiff, holding them in one position so long, I can't."

"And," said the bottle, looking up at the ivy, "you were brought here with the autumn leaves and grasses, and from that Christmas to this the parlor has grown prettier and prettier, and the little home happier and happier, and the baby has the cunningest blue shoes—"

"Bless her dimpled cheeks!" barked the bronze dog.

"—And May and Maud go to school again, and are getting to be fine scholars, and Tom is a jolly little fellow."

"But there's a bottle in the house yet," said the feather duster, slyly.

"That's true," said the bottle, "but it has joined the temperance society, and that makes all the difference in the world; and in consequence of its taking to water, to-morrow will be—"

"Stop a moment," said the clock. "To-morrow is here—I'm going to strike twelve;" and it struck with a sweet, silvery sound.

"Three cheers!" cried the feather duster, waving its feathers about so wildly that little bits of them flew all over the room.

"—A merry Christmas!" chimed in all the other little voices; and then silence reigned in the parlor once more.

GHOST STORIES UNVEILED.

A FEW years ago I removed into a new and larger house with a young family. Some nights after my removal I was awakened in the middle of the night by a distinct knocking twice or thrice repeated at my bedroom door. I called out, "Who's there?" There was no reply; but after an interval of a few minutes the knocking was repeated as distinctly as before. Again the same question, "Who's there?" and again no reply; but again came the knocking, if possible more distinct and louder than before, and just as if a person outside in the lobby had struck sharply and repeatedly with his knuckles on the door. I sprang rapidly from bed on its being repeated, and rushed to the bedroom door and opened it, determined to catch the knocker. But there was no one outside; and no one could have escaped down the staircase, which was what is called a well staircase, brilliantly lighted with a flood of moonlight, which streamed through the sky-light window. I am not and never was spirit-stricken or superstitious; but I will confess my sensations now became trying: my heart began to throb, and I returned to bed with ears painfully awake. Again came the knocking, clear and distinct and methodical as before. Although feeling very uneasy, I crept silently out of bed and stretched myself on the floor with my head on the boards and a few feet from the bedroom door, to find out if possible from what part of the door the knocking proceeded. Again it came as before, and I could distinctly refer it to the lowest part or panel of the door. I suddenly opened the door, but with the same result as before; and again I lay in my former position. Again came the knocking, three or four distinct taps; and now fixing my eyes steadily on the spot from which the tapping proceeded, I saw the knuckle-bone of a leg of lamb, about the size of a very small walnut, jerked repeatedly against the skirting that lay alongside the door. The skirting was thinner than the sounding-board of a piano; and it was the sudden tapping of the little bone against the sounding-board that produced the repeated knocking. But how was the tapping produced? By a mouse that had found its way along the hollow space behind the wainscot. It had bored a hole in the very lowest part of the wainscot, very nearly on a level with the floor, had found its little bone left after the children's dinner, and had dragged it to the entrance of its hole, but could not get it through. It had dragged through the tough bit of sinew which is attached to the end of the bone—popularly known in mutton as the gentleman's bone—and was trying by jerking it backward to bring the bone itself through; and each jerk gave a blow against the thin sounding-board, and each blow gave out the sound or mysterious knock.

My next experience was, if possible, more puzzling. In the neighborhood of Dublin, on the rocky sea-coast of Dalkey, there are several castles supposed to have been erected by the Danes for the protection of their traders. They are still in fair preservation, and have dwelling-houses of modern construction built against them. One of these old castles stands on the very verge of the sea, over what was once a rocky inlet, but is now a harbor, along the opposite side of which is a row of fishermen's cottages. The dwelling-house attached to this old castle I with my family occupied in the summer, for health's sake and to enjoy boating, of which I was fond. I observed, some time after taking up my residence in it, that, no matter at what time I retired to bed—and I generally sat up one or two hours after the other members of my family had retired—the servants from the kitchen story selected the same moment for *their* departure.

This unceasing regularity became at last annoying, and I insisted on knowing the cause. The information given to me was that the old castle and house were haunted, and that for no inducement would the servants remain after I had ascended from the parlor. I had now reasons for thinking there was some ground for the fears. The pantry particularly, and the rest of the house with it, were walked over by footsteps at night. These were plainly heard, and there was added an additional aggravation; for, not content with this, the "supernatural" visitor began to do mischief, and generally in the gray of the morning made free with eatables and pots of jam on the shelves, occasionally breaking a glass or plate. To add to the mystery, though the pantry was carefully locked every night, the depredations still continued, and at length the terror of each night's visitation became greater and greater, and various stories began to be circulated, one being that the visitant was the spirit of a nun condemned to suffer the pangs of hunger for some transgression. This was supported by the circumstance of the old castle and grounds having been some years before occupied as a convent. The only opening into the pantry was through a ventilator in the roof, very high up, and adjoining one of the lofty walls of the old castle. Through this no human being could obtain an entrance; but it was entered by a *monkey*, which came to it in this way. One of the pilot-boats was taking off a pilot to a ship, to relieve the one on duty, when the monkey, sick I suppose of the sea, and determined not to lose the opportunity, jumped into the boat, and on nearing the shore jumped out again and sought the nearest shelter, which happened to be the old castle. The ship was from the West Indies, laden with sugar. The monkey, though missed from the homeward-bound, was unnoticed by the pilot crew, and finding his way from the castle to the ventilator of the adjoining dwelling-house pantry, sought to allay his hunger there when all was quiet at night. By day the creature lay hidden in the old castle; and it was only after a lapse of many days and nights that poor Jacko was discovered peeping out from his lodging in the old Norman keep.

POST-OFFICE REFORM.

REACTION and the post-office have always been at bitter strife; no reforms have been more strenuously opposed than governmental schemes for stimulating the growth of knowledge; and of this the reformed post-office has been one of the chief agents. Few of the present time can remember the condition of the means of communication of thought, of transmitting letters, in the earlier age. Then the post-office was a clumsy machine, costly, careless, almost useless. It was often outstripped by private enterprise, and its revenues diminished by smuggled letters. Before 1840, all over the world the post-offices were not probably equal to the swift relays of the Peruvian messengers, the public cars on the Roman roads. The system was the excess of absurdity. The postage on a letter was from twelve to twenty-five cents, or more; the sum varied with the distance. It was always paid by the person who received the communication; it was a heavy tax on the poor; and even the wealthy found that their bills for postage would often amount to many hundred dollars a year. To the literary man the cost of a correspondence was often excessive. Sir Walter Scott estimated his annual outlay at £150. He—or rather his biographer Mr. Hutton—tells a story that illustrates the perils of an author before the reformed post-office. One day Scott received a large package by post from America, for which he had to pay five pounds sterling. He opened it, and found a manuscript play within, called the *Cherokee Lovers*, written by a young lady of New York, who begged Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue and epilogue, get it brought out at Drury Lane, sell the copyright to Constable or Murray. In a fortnight a similar packet arrived, as large, with the same postage. The incautious author opened it, and found another manuscript of the *Cherokee Lovers*, with a note from the authoress saying that as the weather had been stormy, fearing her former package had been lost, she had sent him a second copy. Dr. Johnson met with an adventure not dissimilar. One day his servant announced that a large packet had been brought him from the post-office; it was charged £7 10s., or about forty dollars. He suspected at first a trick, but found that it was a real package from a friend in India. Under the modern system of postage the *Cherokee Lovers* might be sent for a few pence; a package from India for a shilling.

Rowland Hill, the founder of the modern postal system, was an intelligent citizen of London, who knew nothing of the internal management of the office, had scarcely entered it, but was suddenly struck by a novel thought. He saw with clearness the whole vista of postal reform. His pamphlet, "Post-office Reform," appeared in 1837. He proposed that the postage on letters should be reduced to a penny for any distance, that it should always be prepaid with a stamp, that new facilities should be provided for the distribution of letters, and new conveniences of delivery and receipt. His plan was looked upon as an idle dream; conservatism ridiculed it. He appeared before the Commissioners of Inquiry in Parliament. So clear was his conception, so bold his argument, that he won their complete approval. Meanwhile the people had been aroused by the novelty of the project. A committee of merchants in London was formed to defend and advance it; petitions in its favor poured into Parliament; the Liberal ministry (1839) authorized its adoption, and amidst the general opposition of the Tories the new system was extended over the nation. Mr. Goulburn and many other Conservatives not altogether unintelligent foretold its ill success. They asserted that the cost would be excessive, that the payment was too small to be remunerative, that the scheme could end only in failure. A few years of trial proved their error. Rowland Hill, the master of the new science, showed now his rare skill in organization. He was placed in charge of the post-office, with liberal powers. His reforms were carried out. Soon it was found that the income was growing, that the number of letters increased tenfold, that the post-office had already become the means of exciting the intellect, of advancing trade. Men and women learned to write that they might correspond with each other, now that postage was so light an expense. The mails were used as a means of correspondence by millions who under the old system would have been frightened at the cost. The power of the new instrument of government began to be seen in the general improvement of the people.

But this was enough to arouse once more the bitterest hatred of the Conservatives for the new system. Their first victim was Sir Rowland Hill. The Tories came into power under Sir Robert Peel. In 1842 they removed from his well-earned position the founder of the reformed post-office, checked the progress of reform, and for five years held it in abeyance. They strove to throw discredit upon it. Mr. Goulburn, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, labored to show, in the midst of its ample success, that it failed to pay its expenses. The Tories hoped to relapse once more into the rule of high postage and popular discontent. It is quite remarkable to notice how resolutely the Tory (reactionary) party in Europe and America opposes every thing that tends to public improvement and the general welfare; how it labors chiefly to retain the most odious institutions of the past. In England it opposed the extension of the suffrage until it was forced into submission. It upheld the taxes on food, on knowledge; kept up to the last its severe government of the press; would discourage the growth of the intellect; denounced the common schools as godless; would keep the people in bondage. It had very nearly checked forever the growth of postal reform. For five years the wonderful system languished under the Tory rule. But happily for the world Sir Rowland Hill possessed an energy and honesty, a ceaseless devotion to a great purpose, a wonderful clearness of intellect, that gave him a singular advantage over the dull assailants he must encounter. Clearness is the foundation of strength. The Tories were lost in dreams and fallacies. Sir Rowland pierced at once their empty pretenses. He petitioned Parliament for inquiry; a committee was appointed. The great advantages of the new system were easily shown. A cloud of witnesses—authors, booksellers, merchants, teachers, the wealthy trader, the humble peasant—gave voluntary testimony to the excellence of the plan. Still the Tories kept Hill out of office. It was not until the Russell Administration of 1846 that he was able to continue once more his remarkable reform.

His reformed post-office—and it has been imitated, introduced into nearly every civilized country—now performs a series of duties that no government has ever before undertaken, is devoted in its aim to advancing the general welfare of the people. It is one of the mightiest engines of modern civilization, the leveller of castes, the friend of humanity. Its leading element is its cheapness. It is the servant of the poor. It carries on the correspondence of mankind, for the smallest price that can be named, over all the world. It knocks at the cottage door with as much deference, as honest a desire to do its duty, as at the palace gate. In general it is singularly accurate in transmitting letters; it is seldom that one fails of its aim. And this vast agency, always active, night and day, sending its huge freight of correspondence by railway over continents and islands, piercing the distant seas in swift steamers, reaching the interior wilds of Oregon, the deserts of Australia, has become a co-operative link by which all nations are bound together, and are made to act together for their common good. France, Germany, England, America, consent at least to fulfill with all their ability the high hopes of Sir R. Hill. But the transmission of letters is only a small part of the duty of the post-office or of its founder's plan. He designed it to be a common carrier for books, parcels, the distributor of knowledge, the banker (through its money-orders) of the poor, the savings-bank of the working classes. Its cheap distribution of newspapers has made the penny press possible. It pours out its millions of sheets over Europe and America. Its book post enables publishers and the public to send books any where within the postal union at a moderate cost—a price that may yet be lowered. Dr. Johnson's package from India cost forty dollars; its cost would now be twenty-five cents a pound. The postal cards recently introduced are already circulating by millions; the pattern post, the registration, the free post, are new methods of convenience. The system of money-orders, which has been introduced into nearly all civilized nations, is the poor man's exchange, enables him to send small sums of money from London to Cairo, from New York to New Orleans, with no risk, at a small cost: the government becomes the agent of exchange for the poor. It transmits the smaller sums, refuses large amounts; its limit is fifty dollars. The English post-office controls, too, the telegraph system, and telegrams are forwarded over England for an unvarying rate; the distance is not regarded.

Another branch of the post-office system, the postal savings-bank, has not yet been introduced in America. It is one of the most valuable. To every postal station a bank is added, where sums from one shilling to thirty pounds may be deposited; a small interest is allowed, and a secure hiding-place for the savings of the working-people provided. They lend their money to the government, but can recall it whenever they may need it; there can be no stay nor hesitation in the payment; the security, too, is complete; no loss can ever occur to the depositor. It is another novel trait of the system that the deposit made in one part of the country can be drawn out at any postal station: a sum deposited in New York could be withdrawn in San Francisco. The working-people in England have soon learned the advantages of the postal savings-banks; already, in small sums, more than $150,000,000 have been loaned by them to the state.

Thus Rowland Hill has become the benefactor of the poor. He was the son of an intelligent school-master—the best of ancestries. It is worthy of notice how many of the most eminent Englishmen have been the children or the descendants of school-masters—the Sheridans, Palmerstons, and many others—as if intellect was to be cultivated and inherited. Fortunately for Sir Rowland Hill he was not, like many an inventor or reformer, destined to sink before the rage of conservatism. He grew famous, wealthy, great, always laborious and useful. Honors have been heaped upon him—emoluments, pensions, titles, medals. But the extraordinary effect to be produced upon all human affairs by his post-office reforms can even yet be but faintly foreseen.

Let us hope that our own post-office may not set an example of reaction, but lead all others in its devotion to the interests of the people.

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY.

Sunday, 5.—Second Sunday after Christmas.
Monday, 6.—Epiphany.
Sunday, 12.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 19.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Saturday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 26.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

The year 1878 opened with the announcement, in quick succession, of the deaths of the two great antagonists in the conflict of our time between the Church and state—Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, and Pope Pius IX. The King was buried on January 17 with every honor which the love of the people could pay to his memory. It might be said that all Italy followed him to his grave. Princes, statesmen, soldiers, and common people appeared to be alike affected by the loss of their sovereign. Pius IX. passed away on February 7, after an illness of nearly two months. Such, however, was his activity of mind and body that he continued to transact business to the very last: two consistories were held and cardinals created by him while lying in bed. Pius IX. had been so closely associated with the important political events of our time that his decease made a profound impression on the non-Catholic as well as the Catholic world. On the 20th of February Cardinal Pecci was elected his successor, and assumed the name of Leo XIII. Anticipations were generally indulged of a more liberal policy under the reign of the new pontiff, but these have not thus far been met. With more caution and reticence, which are differences of manner only, Leo XIII. adheres closely to the policy of his predecessor. Cardinal Franchi was made by him Secretary of State, but soon died, and has been succeeded by Cardinal Nina. Cardinal Simeoni, who was appointed Secretary of State on the death of Antonelli, has become Prefect of the Propaganda. Among the most notable events in the history of the Roman Catholic Church during the year were the establishment of the episcopate in Scotland, the negotiations for a settlement of differences with Germany, and the deaths of several cardinals, among them Cardinal Paul Cullen, of Ireland.

The negotiations with Germany were begun at Kissingen by Prince Bismarck and the papal nuncio to the court of Bavaria. They were preceded by letters to Leo from the Emperor William (March 24) and the Crown Prince (June 10), in which the incompatibility of the papal claims with the laws of Germany was clearly stated. Various reports have been given of the progress of the Kissingen negotiations. The chief point of contention is the recognition of the Falk laws by the Prussian bishops. The latest rumors are that on this the Vatican has yielded; but nothing is certainly known.

In the Protestant world the active efforts to obtain creed revision have gone forward, and, proceeding on parallel lines with them, there have been trials for heretical departures from Church standards. On May 14 the committee on revision appointed by the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland reported seven propositions intended to be supplementary to the Westminster Confession. The new statements touch upon election, depravity, and other important articles of belief. All the sections of the committee's report were adopted in the Synod, with only one slight modification. In the Free Scotch Church the conflict with heresy concentrated itself in the trial of Professor Robertson Smith, which still drags its slow length along. In the United States and England more attention was given to the discussion of the question of future punishment, in which Mr. H. W. Beecher and Canon Farrar took leading parts. The debate finally reached the secular reviews, and its phases were exhibited by well-known representatives of differing opinions in the *North American Review* for March, 1878.

The second Pan-Anglican Synod, held eleven years after the first, was opened in Lambeth Palace July 2. There was a large attendance of bishops, the United States being well represented. The public sessions continued four days only, and on July 26 the Synod closed. Its results were embodied in a letter to all the Churches of the Anglican family. The most important declaration put forth by the bishops was that in relation to confession; it condemned habitual confession, as a duty of the laity, in decided terms.

Other important Protestant bodies which met during the year were the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church (May 1), and the International Sunday-school Convention, at Atlanta, Georgia. The Sunday-school Convention was the first of the kind ever held in a Southern State. It was presided over by Governor Colquitt. Among the proceedings was the appointment of an International Lesson Committee for the ensuing seven years. The Southern General Conference accepted as final the report of the commissioners appointed to settle terms of fraternity between the Northern and Southern Methodist Churches. The Northern and Southern Presbyterian Assemblies have not quite succeeded in establishing fraternity between the Churches which they represent. The Northern and Southern Baptist Conventions of the United States now send fraternal delegates to each other. The Lutheran General Synod, which met at Newberry, South Carolina, May 2, adopted resolutions looking to the restoration of fraternal relations between it and the Lutheran General Synod of the North.

During the past year the German Old Catholics have settled the question of the liberty of marriage by priests, which has been so long under consideration. The opposition of Dr. Döllinger to this measure was well known; indeed, the Old Catholic movement has of late gone far beyond his views of both principle and expediency, so that he can no longer be counted among its supporters. On June 14 the abolition of compulsory celibacy was carried in the Synod by a vote of 75 to 22. The adoption of the resolution was immediately followed by the withdrawal of Messrs. Reusch, Friedrich, Langen, and Menzel; Professor Von Schulte and Dr. Knoodt adhered to the majority. During 1878 Father Hyacinthe placed himself under the direction of the Church of England; he has made, therefore, a final separation from the Christian Catholics of Switzerland.

German Christian Socialism, which was organized by the court preachers of Berlin as a check to democratic Socialism, has made during the past year a very slight impression on the people. The two attempts on the life of the Emperor, which were traced to Socialists, put mild measures out of the question. A severely repressive law was enacted by Parliament, and has already been put into execution. The police are now engaged in suppressing Socialist clubs, publications, and workmen's unions, and have expelled many persons from Berlin. The new law will remain in operation for two years and a half.

The important International Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations held in Geneva, Switzerland, August 14, was attended by two thousand delegates. Europe and America were both well represented. It was determined to form a "Permanent International Committee," which, while not interfering with the liberty of individual or national Associations, shall serve as a bond of union for them all. This committee will collect the statistics of Association work; it will have, however, no legislative powers. The number of Young Men's Christian Associations in all the world was reported to be two thousand, one-half of them in America.

In this country one of the most significant of the events of the year was the conflict in New Haven over the action of the School Board, which excluded religious exercises from the public schools. The board made, early in the year, a formal justification of its position. A canvass of the opinion of the citizens showed general dissatisfaction with the board's policy, and an opposition ticket was nominated in the autumn, when vacancies were to be filled. This ticket was carried by a popular vote of 4881 to 1963. It is worthy of remembrance that both Catholics and Protestants voted to restore religious services. A compromise scheme which prescribed either Protestant or Catholic religious exercises under certain conditions was rejected by the new board; the long controversy was finally closed by the restoration of the form of religious worship which has been practiced for many years. This animated contest attracted the attention of the entire country.

Reformatory movements were carried forward during 1878 with great energy. Mr. Francis Murphy's temperance labors in Troy achieved an unprecedented success; this was followed by an active campaign in Springfield, Massachusetts, and other towns; this season he has established himself in New York, where his simplicity and heartiness have won to his support many of the best citizens. Messrs. Moody and Sankey spent many months of the year in Providence, Hartford, Springfield, and New Haven. The fruitfulness of their labors, in the reclamation of many to virtue and the general improvement of public morals, was fully recognized by the press of those cities. During the present winter the two evangelists have separated: Mr. Sankey has gone to Europe, and Mr. Moody to Baltimore, where he is actively engaged in his peculiar work.

The conference on the second coming of Christ, which began in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, October 30, brought together a large number of scholarly men. Large audiences were in attendance, and listened patiently to elaborate essays on the subject.

The necrology of 1878 contains some names of note in the religious world. The list includes Dr. Alexander Duff, Dr. Charles Hodge, Bishop Dupanloup, the Rev. George Gilfillan, Cardinal Cullen, and Dr. John H. Raymond, president of Vassar College. To these may be added Earl Russell. The author of the bill for the abolition of the Corporation and Test Acts, Earl Russell, had the satisfaction of seeing its semi-centennial commemoration. Not many days before his decease he was waited upon by a deputation of English Nonconformists and presented with a congratulatory address.

The authorities of Milan have expelled several German Internationalists who had come there, and were supposed to be about to make that city a centre of operations. The successive attempts to assassinate the Emperor of Germany, the King of Spain, and the King of Italy have, with or without evidence, been traced to the influence of Socialism. This fact, no doubt, inclines the people of Europe to acquiesce in the severe measures now applied to all suspected persons.

Acceptance of the resolution adopted by the German Old Catholic Synod to permit the marriage of the clergy has become so general that Bishop Reinkens has officially issued regulations respecting the marriage of priests. The most important of them require the approval of the bishop and the congregation. The Old Catholics are making steady progress. In August Bishop Reinkens confirmed 289 persons. In two places, the Old Catholic chapels being too small for the crowds in attendance, the confirmations were held in Protestant churches.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Few children know—and many parents may be equally ignorant—what a large proportion of the playthings which are scattered about the nursery are made in France, England, and Germany. Almost all the simple wooden toys are imported, being made by hand. Some wooden toys are *turned*, and these are made in this country; but the animals in Noah's ark, the fantastic villages, warehouses, stables, jumping-jacks, etc., are generally hand-made. As to dolls, the handsome wax ones come from France, and the china ones from Germany. Austria sends us Jew's-harps, tin trumpets, and some other miniature musical instruments. But numerous tin, iron, and pewter playthings are made in America. In all mechanical toys our own manufacturers excel, and every holiday season reveals some novel invention in this line, which is the wonder and admiration of curious boys and girls.

The recent death of the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, from diphtheria, has caused the most sincere grief thoughout Europe. This is the first death that has occurred among Queen Victoria's children, and the personal character of the Princess made her much beloved.

On October 27 occurred the great robbery of the Manhattan Savings-Bank, at the corner of Broadway and Bleecker Street. Seven weeks of vigorous search was finally rewarded by the capture of two noted criminals who are believed to have been concerned in that robbery. The suspected burglars were concealed in the city, and were finally traced to a special locality, where detectives kept a constant watch. One evening about six o'clock the two burglars issued from a house which was under surveillance, for the purpose, apparently, of taking a walk, and they were immediately made prisoners by the police officers.

About Christmas-time all false pride vanishes in regard to some things; for example, nobody is ashamed to carry bundles. In fact, the more bundles one has in his arms when he is going home at night, the more is he to be envied. It is curious to watch the multitude returning to their homes on these days when Christmas and New-Year's are in every body's thoughts. Notice the throng on the ferry-boat returning from New York to Brooklyn. What a motley mass of brown paper parcels of all shapes and sizes, not to mention the sachels large and small, which are stuffed with invisible packages! If by chance there is one man, woman, or child with empty hands, you can not help feeling a sort of pity for the lonely individual, who, perchance, may have money enough, but no happy home filled with expectant children. Ah! these mysterious bundles are a strange delight to the little folks; and as "Christmas comes but once a year," it is no harm to let them get as much merriment as possible from the holiday time.

The remains of George Cruikshank, the artist, were recently removed from Kensal Green Cemetery to St. Paul's Cathedral.

There are six lodging-houses under the charge of the Children's Aid Society of this city, and in these during the past year there have been sheltered 14,234 different boys and girls. Of this number over 8000 were orphans. Not only are shelter and food given to such children as are destitute, but they are instructed and provided with clothing in the industrial schools, there being twenty day and twelve evening schools. The treasury of this society needs replenishing, and the charitable will not forget it at this holiday season.

Books on art that are in themselves works of art are specially appropriate for Christmas and New-Year's gifts. Among such most certainly belong *Pottery and Porcelain*, by William C. Prime; Miss Young's *Ceramic Art*, illustrated by nearly five hundred engravings; Mrs. Spofford's *Art Decoration Applied to Furniture;* Holly's *Modern Dwellings in Town and Country;* Nichols's *Art Education Applied to Industry;* Berryman's *Contemporary Art in Europe;* and Parton's *Caricature and Comic Art*—all elegantly printed, illustrated, and bound by Harper & Brothers.

The Brooklyn Board of Health has been considering what methods shall be adopted to prevent the spread of contagious diseases among the pupils of the public schools. It appears from recent statistics that as soon as the schools closed last summer the number of cases of scarlatina and diphtheria was immediately lessened, and continued to diminish during the whole vacation. But as soon as the schools recommenced in the fall the number of cases increased. Although the season of year may have something to do with this, it is believed that one chief cause of the spread of contagious diseases is that children who have been sick themselves return to their classes before they are sufficiently recovered not to communicate the diseases, or well children bring the germs of malaria from homes where scarlatina and diphtheria prevail. It is a matter of vital importance to prevent such contagion.

Mystery still surrounds the desecration of Mr. A. T. Stewart's grave. No clew that seems of the slightest value is left unexamined, but all efforts have thus far failed to discover the robbers or the body which was stolen.

Six manuscripts and two specimens of early printing have been recently added to the Astor Library—being a gift of John Jacob Astor. The following description we clip from the New York *Tribune:*

"The earliest of the manuscripts, in Greek of the second century, containing the Apostolic epistles, was once in the library of the Duke of Sussex. A Bible of the fourteenth century, with the introductions by St. Jerome, contains many exquisite miniatures. Other manuscripts represent the fifteenth century and the Italian Renaissance. Of the printed works one is of the first edition of the *Catholicon*, printed in 1460, and attributed by some to Gutenberg. It comprises a treatise on grammar and rhetoric, and a complete Latin dictionary, rich in the phraseology of the fathers. It is printed in Gothic type, in double columns, and forms two large folio volumes. This copy brought 7900 francs at the Firmin-Didot sale last summer at Paris. The other, also in two folio volumes, is the first German Bible with a date. It was printed in 1477 by Zainer, of Augsburg. The initials are wood-cuts colored by hand, and the first page of each volume is illuminated in gold and colors."

A workman who had been employed for more than three years in the New York Post-office recently met a tragic death. He was standing on the outside sill of a fourth-story window—where he had stood hundreds of times before—cleaning the glass. Suddenly he fell to the pavement, a distance of eighty feet, and was instantly killed.

Some months ago a passenger train was wrecked by obstructions placed on the track of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore road near Claymont, Delaware. A former employé of the road was arrested for the crime, and his trial has just been concluded. His guilt was clearly proved, but it was pleaded in mitigation that he had no intention of wrecking the train, but meant to flag it, and to secure re-instatement on the road as a reward for saving the train. The court, however, refused to accept this plea, and sentenced him to undergo five years' imprisonment and pay a fine of $4000. No mercy should be shown to one who commits such an atrocious crime as putting obstructions on a railroad track.

Oysters are now exported in large quantities to England. They arrive in the foreign market in good condition, and find a ready sale.

Prince William of Prussia, the Crown Prince's eldest son, has acquired much skill in playing the violin. This he accomplished by taking lessons privately at Bonn, where he is a student. A short time ago, at one of the family gatherings of the Crown Prince, the Hungarian Band gave many of their popular tunes. In a pause in the music Prince William asked the first violin player to lend him his violin, and walking up quietly to behind the Crown Princess, who was engaged in conversation with some ladies, struck up one of Strauss's waltzes. The Crown Princess, looking around, was surprised and delighted to find that it was her son playing. He went through a variety of tunes, waltzes, students' songs, and quadrilles, and then, making his bow, was rewarded not only with hearty applause from the princesses and ladies present, but by words of commendation from the band-master and the Crown Prince. Modestly disclaiming any merit for himself, he returned the violin to its owner, with the words, "Your violin plays very well."

Silveroid is the name of a new metallic composition which has just been introduced in America in the manufacture of table-ware. It has a fine texture, is susceptible of a high finish, and, it is said, can be supplied at much less cost than any thing heretofore used as a substitute for real silver.

At New Orleans a mass-meeting of influential citizens was recently held, and resolutions passed gratefully acknowledging the heroic services of physicians and nurses during the yellow fever epidemic, and the generous help sent by societies, corporations, and individuals in the United States and in foreign lands. We quote one passage from the resolutions:

"The first cry of distress had hardly gone up from our terror-stricken community before the agonizing cry for help was answered across the broad expanse of a vast continent. From north and south and east and west the tributary streams of beneficence rolled in one unebbing tide of overflowing generosity. Into the valley of the shadow of death in which we walked it poured its life-giving waters, fresh from the gushing springs of human affection. Never before has any people been the recipient of so grand a charity; never can its impressive lesson of humanity be forgotten.... We declare as our unanimous sentiment, with the unaffected sincerity of grateful hearts, that no difference of political creed can weaken, and no evils of designing politicians sever, the ties which bind us by the most sacred and tender memories in the bonds of a national brotherhood, one and indissoluble."

Recent surveys by geologists are said to warrant the estimate that there is workable coal enough in the island of Yezo—one of the Japanese group—to produce an annual yield for a thousand years equal to that of all Great Britain. The Japanese government has agreed to grant a loan of $1,500,000 for the purpose of working some of these coal-fields, which spread over an immense area. So the supply of coal is not likely to be exhausted just at present.

Some one who does not disclose his name, but who is evidently an admirer of Edgar A. Poe, bursts forth in the following indignant torrent:

"Hear the milkmen with their bells—
Brassy bells!
What a flood of chalk and water their infernal noise foretells!
How they clang at early morn
Of sleek cattle fed on corn
(In a horn)!
How they rouse us from our dreams,
Those mad milkmen with their screams!
And the rattle of their wagons and the clatter of their cans,
While we long to fall upon them with a bundle of rattans,
Till their yells
Drown their bells—
Drown the everlasting clamor of their bells!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following style of paragraph seems to be growing very popular this season: "It is a sad fact that often the wittiest paragraphs are written while the writer is suffering the keenest mental or physical agony and distress, and the laughter of the public is only the echo of his own suffering," etc., etc., etc. Ah, well, that may be all very true; but if the paragraphist suffers when he is writing his funny things, just think how terribly the poor public suffers when it has to read them.

A young lady said to her lover, "Charley, how far is it around the world?" "About twenty-four inches, my darling," replied he, as his arm encircled her waist. She was all the world to him.

"Keep 'way from dat nigger, I tell you," said Uncle Rube to his sable daughter; "keep 'way from him. He's like what de 'Postle John lived on in de wild'-ness." "How's dat?" she asked. "Low cuss an' wild, honey," replied Uncle Rube.

"I like to make sponge-cake," she said, innocently; "it makes my hands so clean."

No matter how good-natured a man may be, he will invariably get mad when he discovers that there is no towel in the room, and is compelled to dry his face on the bed-quilt.

"What," said an interviewer to an unpledged candidate, "do you intend to do if you are elected?" "My goodness!" said the poor fellow, "what shall I do if I am not elected?"

A maid-of-all-work was busily engaged dusting a bronze clock. The bronze was antique green. The maid looked at it, and then said, "Oh, madam, what a beautiful clock you have! Ain't it a pity it is covered with verdigris?"

Strange, isn't it? Smoke a good cigar and you will never hear a word about it; but light one of those four-for-ten-cents, and every body within a hundred yards will talk about it.

A very diminutive specimen of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl. "Oh no," said the fair but insulting lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle, and a little too small to go to church with."

A country surgeon, who was bald, was on a visit to a friend's house, whose servant wore a wig. After bantering him a considerable time, the doctor said, "You see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig." "True, Sir," replied the servant; "but an empty barn requires no thatch."

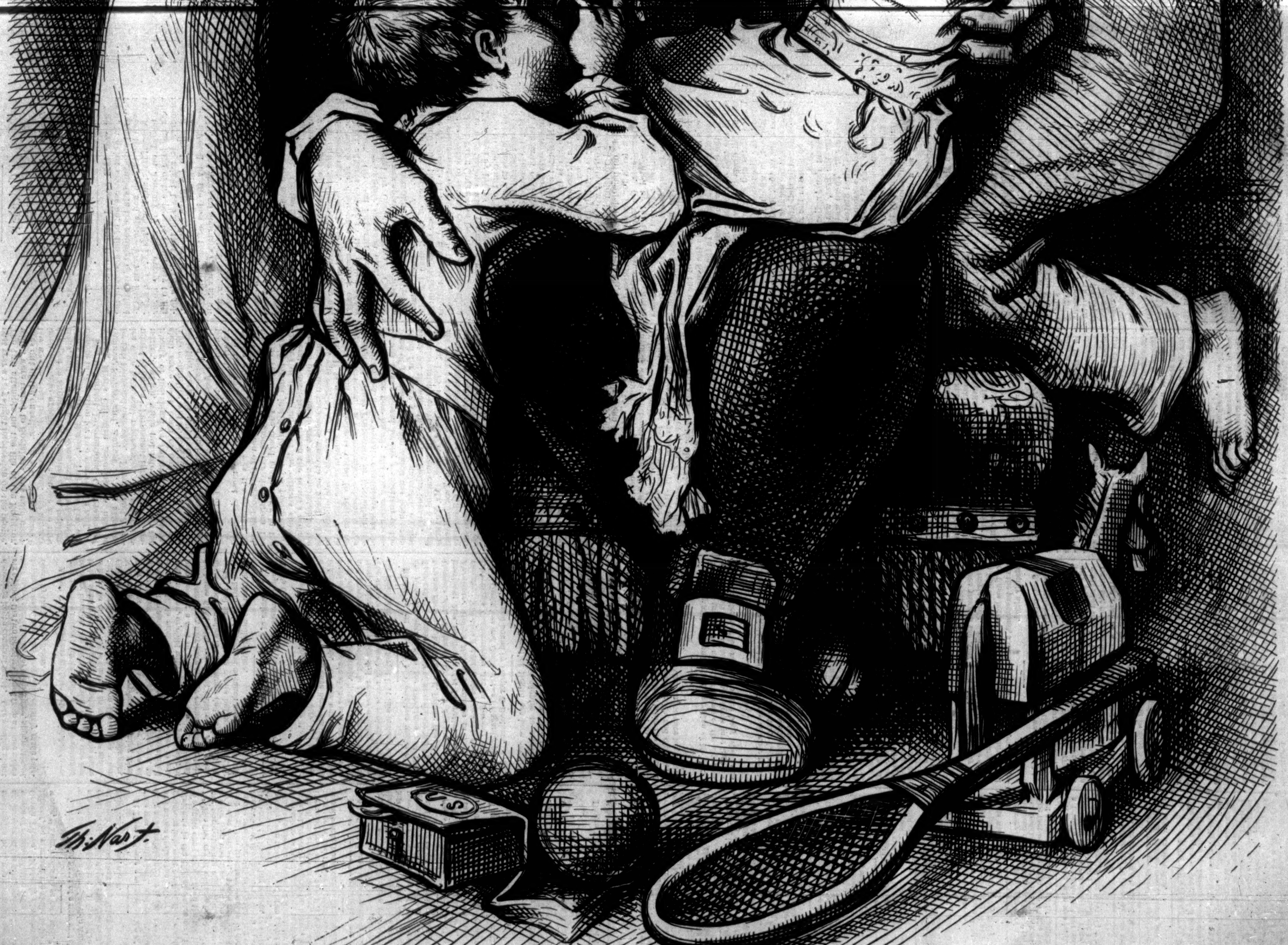
One difference between sailors and soldiers is that sailors tar their ropes, while soldiers pitch their tents.

A hard-money enthusiast says he never met a woman in his life that seemed to know any thing about coins. He never numismatics.

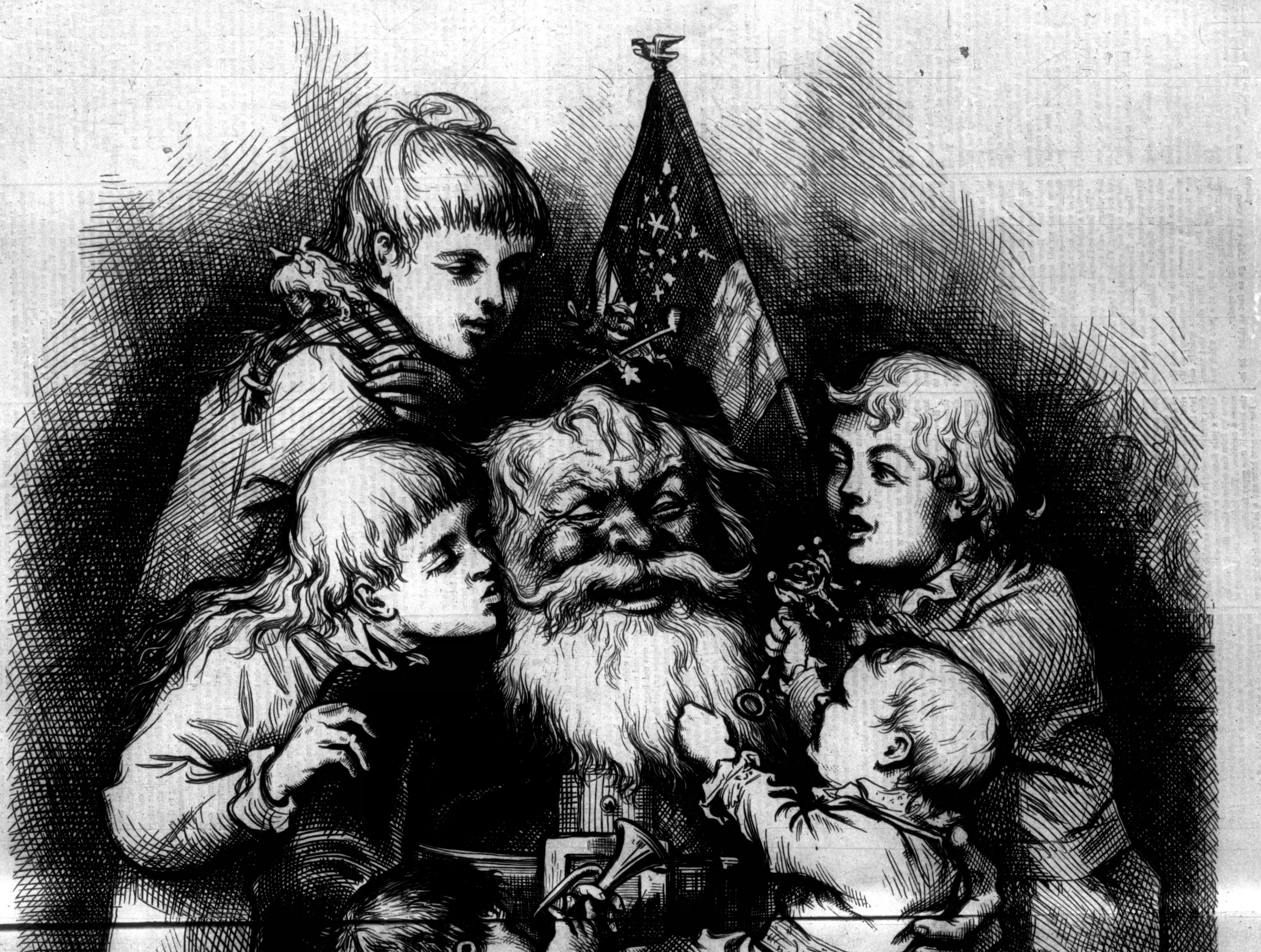
NEW SENTIMENTAL SONGS.

(*The titles quite as pretty and hardly more idiotic than those of a good many drawing-room favorites.*)

"Darling, slumber while you wake." "I loved thee ere I loved thee." "My fair brunette." "Blow, gentle storms." "List to the noiseless murmur." "Fond memories of days to come." "The silvery winds are beaming." "The forest mermaid." "See, the brimming wine-cup's dry." "Oh, be thy shadow ever bright!" "Saharan boat song." "Oh, ruddier than the lily!" "'Tis joy to grieve for thee." "We never met, and now we part." "The babe's farewell to his grandson." "The dumb girl's song." "The gallant fleets of Switzerland." "Now the morning sun is setting." "Oh, had I the wings of a wild gazelle!" "Sweet tresses wreathed in smiles." "Norah, thy closed eyes on me gazing." "In death I'll live for thee." "Oh, play to me the stringless lute!"



MERRY CHRISTMAS.



TWO TRAVELLERS.

The hour is midnight; hushed and still
The starlight rests on mead and hill;
The world lies bathed in restful sleep,
Save only those who watch and weep,
Save only those who vigil keep,
And wait in woe, or wait in cheer,
The death-knell of the passing year.

Sweet music fills the realms of space,
When in Jehovah's dwelling-place
Two angels, clothed in glory bright,
Fling open wide the Gates of Light,
From whence a traveller, clothed in white—
A baby New Year, soft and fair—
Comes floating downward through the air.

Alone he speeds toward earthly lands,
When in his path a traveller stands;
The weary body, bent with care,
Its sinful burden scarce can bear.
With toil the Old Year mounts the air,
When, struggling through the ether mild,
His glance falls on the Heaven-born child.

The gray-beard's tones are old and weak;
In weariness his tongue doth speak:
"A twelvemonth since I left the sky,
Sent forth by Him who reigns on high,
On Earth to live, on Earth to die.
Lo! I return to whence I came,
Bowed down with toil and sin and shame."

In dread the New Year lifts his eyes
To yon bright region of the skies:
"Not so, O Father, oh, not so
May be the fate to which I go!
In love I'll live with men below.
Oh! I will bid their souls rejoice,
And beg a welcome with my voice:
'Out of the darkness, out of night,
Springing to meet the morning light,
Leaving the nebulous upper world,
My tiny wings to the air unfurled,
Out of the ether and out of space,
Trusting myself to your tender grace,
Begging a welcome sweet and fair,
Love and mercy and gentle care,
I come, the glad New Year.
What did ye do to him who passed,
Borne away on the wintry blast?
I met a traveller, old and worn,
His brow was bent and his robe was torn.
Not to me may the same fate be,
Bright and joyous and pure and free.
Lo! from the Realms of Light above,
Bearing to mortals a Father's love,
I come, the glad New Year.'"

In joy he comes, the gentle child,
A gift from Heaven, in mercy mild;
He comes to greet the world alone,
The glad sweet New Year not our own,
A spirit from Jehovah's throne.
Not like the Old Year may he go,
Bowed down with weight of mortal woe.
Oh! many a victory may he win
O'er doubt and pain, o'er grief and sin,
That not in vain his tender voice
Shall bid the souls of men "Rejoice!"
The babe that knows nor grief nor fear,
The Father's gift, the glad New Year!

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHERE THE RED KING WAS SLAIN.

May had come. The red glow of the beech branches had changed to a tender green; the oaks were amber; the winding forest paths, the deep inaccessible glades where the cattle led such a happy life, were blue with dog-violets and golden with primroses. Whitsuntide was close at hand, and good Mr. Scobel had given up his mind to church decoration, and the entertainment of his school-children with tea and buns in that delightful valley where an iron monument a little less artistic than a pillar post-office marks the spot where the Red King fell.

Vixen, though not particularly fond of school feasts, had promised to assist at this one. It was not to be a stiff or ceremonious affair. There was to be no bevy of young ladies, oppressively attentive to their small charges, causing the children to drink scalding tea in a paroxysm of shyness. The whole thing was to be done in an easy and friendly manner, with no aid but that of the school mistress and master. The magnates of the land were to have no part in the festival.

"The children enjoy themselves so much more when there are no finely dressed people making believe to wait upon them," said Mrs. Scobel; "but I know they'll be delighted to have you, Violet. They positively adore you."

"I'm sure I can't imagine why they should," answered Violet, truthfully.

"Oh, but they do. They like to look at you. When you come into the school-room they're all in a flutter; and they point at you awfully; don't they, Miss Pierson?" said Mrs. Scobel, appealing to the school-mistress.

"Yes, ma'am. I can't cure them of pointing, do what I will."

"Oh, they are dear little children," exclaimed Violet, "and I don't care how much they point at me if they really like me. They make me such nice little bob-courtesies when I meet them in the Forest, and they all seem fond of Argus. I'm sure you have made them extremely polite, Miss Pierson. I shall be very pleased to come to your school feast, Mrs. Scobel; and I'll tell our good old Trimmer to make no end of cakes."

"My dear Violet, pray don't think of putting Mrs. Trimmer to any trouble. Your dear mamma might be angry."

"Angry at my asking for some cakes for the school-children, after being papa's wife for seventeen years! That couldn't be."

The school feast was fixed, three weeks in advance, for the Wednesday in Whitsun-week, and during the interval there were many small meteorologists in Beechdale school intent upon the changes of the moon, and all those varied phenomena from which the rustic mind draws its auguries of coming weather. The very crowing of early village cocks was regarded suspiciously by the school-children at this period. It happened that the appointed Wednesday was a day on which Mrs. Tempest had chosen to invite a few friends in a quiet way to her seven-o'clock dinner; among the few Captain Carmichael, who had taken Mrs. Hawbuck's cottage for an extended period of three months. Mrs. Tempest had known all about the school feast a fortnight before she gave her invitations, but had forgotten the date at the moment when she arranged her little dinner. Yet she felt offended that Violet should insist upon keeping her engagement to the Scobels.

"But, dear mamma, I am of no use to you at our parties," pleaded Vixen. "If I were at all necessary to your comfort, I would give up the school feast."

"My dear Violet, it is not my comfort I am considering; but I can not help feeling annoyed that you should prefer to spend your evening with a herd of vulgar children—playing oranges-and-lemons, or kiss-in-the-ring, or some other ridiculous game, and getting yourself into a most unbecoming perspiration—to a quiet home evening with a few friends."

"You see, mamma, I know our quiet home evenings with a few friends so well. I could tell you beforehand exactly what will happen, almost the very words people will say; how your jardinières will be admired, and how the conversation will glance off from your ferns and pelargoniums to Lady Ellangowan's orchids, and then drift back to your old china; after which the ladies will begin to talk about dress, and the wickedness of giving seven guineas for a summer bonnet, as Mrs. Jones, or Green, or Robinson, has just done; from which their talk will glide insensibly to the iniquities of modern servants; and when those have been discussed exhaustively, one of the younger ladies will tell you the plot of the last novel she has had from Mudie's, with an infinite number of 'you knows' and 'you sees,' and then perhaps Captain Carmichael—he is coming, I suppose—will sing a French song, of which the company will understand about four words in every verse, and then you will show Mrs. Carteret your last piece of art needle-work—"

"What nonsense you talk, Violet! However, if you prefer the children at Stony Cross to the society of your mother and your mother's friends, you must take your own way."

"And you will forgive me in advance, dear mamma?"

"My love, I have nothing to forgive. I only deplore a bent of mind which I can but think unladylike."

Vixen was glad to be let off with so brief a lecture. In her heart of hearts she was not at all sorry that her mother's friendly dinner should fall on a day which she had promised to spend elsewhere. It was a treat to escape the sameness of that polite entertainment. Yes, Captain Carmichael was to be there, of course, and prolonged acquaintance had not lessened her dislike to that gentleman. She had seen him frequently during his residence at the Hawbuck cottage, not at her mother's house only, but at all the best houses in the neighborhood. He had done nothing to offend her. He had been studiously polite, and that was all. Not by one word had he reminded Violet of that moonlight walk in the Pavilion garden; not by so much as a glance or a sigh had he hinted at a hidden passion. So far she could make no complaint against him. But the attrition of frequent intercourse did not wear off the sharp edge of her dislike.

Wednesday afternoon came, and any evil auguries that had been drawn from the noontide crowing of restless village cocks was set at naught, for the weather was peerless: a midsummer sky and golden sunlight upon all things—upon white-walled cottages and orchards, and gardens where the pure lilies were beginning to blow, upon the yellow-green oak leaves and deepening bloom of the beech, and the long straight roads cleaving the heart of the forest.

Violet had arranged to drive Mr. and Mrs. Scobel in her pony-carriage. She was at the door of their snug little vicarage at three o'clock, the vivacious Titmouse tossing his head and jingling his bit in a burst of pettishness at the aggravating behavior of the flies.

Mrs. Scobel came fluttering out, with the vicar behind her. Both carried baskets, and behind them came an old servant, who had been Mrs. Scobel's nurse—a woman with a figure like a hogshead of wine, and a funny little head at the top—carrying a third basket.

"The buns and bread have gone straight from the village," said the vicar's wife. "How well you are looking, Violet! I hope dear Mrs. Tempest was not very angry at your coming with us."

"Dear Mrs. Tempest didn't care a straw," Vixen answered, laughing. "But she thinks me wanting in dignity for liking to have a romp with the school-children."

All the baskets were in by this time, and Titmouse was in a paroxysm of impatience; so Mr. and Mrs. Scobel seated themselves quickly, and Vixen gave her reins a little shake that meant Go, and off went the pony, at a pace which was rather like running away.

The vicar looked slightly uneasy.

"Does he always go as fast as this?" he inquired.

"Sometimes a good deal faster. He's an old fencer, you know, and hasn't forgotten his jumping days. But of course I don't let him jump with the carriage."

"I should think not," ejaculated the vicar—"unless you wanted to commit suicide and murder. Don't you think you could make him go a little steadier? He's going rather like a dog with a tin kettle at his tail, and if the kettle were to tip over—"

"Oh, he'll settle down presently," said Vixen, coolly. "I don't want to interfere with him; it makes him ill-tempered. And if he were to take to kicking—"

"If you'll pull him up, I think I'll get out and walk," said Mr. Scobel, the back of whose head was on a level with the arc which the pony's hoofs would have been likely to describe in the event of kicking.

"Oh, please don't!" cried Vixen. "If you do that, I shall think you've no confidence in my driving."

She pulled Titmouse together, and got him into an unobjectionable trot—a trot which got over the ground very fast, without giving the occupants of the carriage the uncomfortable sensation of sitting behind a pony intent on getting to the sharp edge of the horizon and throwing himself over.

They were going up a long hill. Half-way up they came to the gate of the kennels. Violet looked at it with a curious half-reluctant glance that expressed the keenest pain.

"Poor papa," she sighed. "He never seemed happier than when he used to take me to see the hounds."

"Mr. Vawdrey is to have them next year," said Mrs. Scobel. "That seems right and proper. He will be the biggest man in this part of the country when the Ashbourne and Briarwood estates are united. And the duke can not live very long—a man who gives his mind to eating and drinking, and is laid up with gout twice a year."

"Do you know when they are to be married?" asked Vixen, with an unconcerned air.

"At the end of this year, I am told. Lady Jane died last November. They would hardly have the wedding before a twelvemonth was over. Have you seen much of Mr. Vawdrey since he came back?"

"I believe I have seen him three times: once at Lady Southminster's ball; once when he came to call upon mamma; once at kettle-drum at Ellangowan, where he was in attendance upon Lady Mabel. He looked rather like a little dog at the end of a string; he had just that meekly obedient look, combined with an expression of not wanting to be there, which you see in a dog. If I were engaged, I would not take my *fiancé* to kettle-drums."

"Ah, Violet, when are you going to be engaged?" cried Mrs. Scobel, in a burst of playfulness. "Where is the man worthy of you?"

"Nowhere; unless Heaven would make me such a man as my father."

"You and Mr. Vawdrey were such friends when you were girl and boy, I used sometimes to fancy it would lead to a lasting attachment."

"Did you? That was a great mistake. I am not half good enough for Mr. Vawdrey. I was well enough for a playfellow, but he wants something much nearer perfection in a wife."

"But your tastes are so similar."

"The very reason we should not care for each other."

"'In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.' I can't quite believe that, Violet."

"But you see the event proves it true. Here is my old playfellow, who cares for nothing but horses and hounds and a country life, devotedly attached to Lady Mabel Ashbourne, who reads Greek plays with as much enjoyment as other young ladies derive from a stirring novel, and who hasn't an idea or an attitude that is not strictly æsthetic."

"Do you know, Violet, I am very much afraid that this marriage is rather the result of calculation than genuine affection," said Mrs. Scobel, solemnly.

"Oh, no doubt it will be a grand thing to unite Ashbourne and Briarwood, but Roderick Vawdrey is too honorable to marry a girl he could not love. I would never believe him capable of such baseness," answered Violet, standing up for her old friend.

Here they turned out of the forest and drove through a peaceful colony consisting of half a dozen cottages, a rustic inn where reigned a supreme silence and sleepiness, and two or three houses in old-world gardens.

Vixen changed the conversation to buns and school-children, which agreeable theme occupied them till Titmouse had walked up a tremendously steep hill, the vicar trudging through the dust beside him; and then the deep green vale in which Rufus was slain lay smiling in the sunshine below their feet.

Perhaps the panorama to be seen from the top of that hill is absolutely the finest in the Forest—a vast champaign, stretching far away to the white walls, tiled roofs, and ancient abbey-church of Romsey; here a glimpse of winding water, there a humble village—nameless save for its inhabitants—nestling among the trees, or basking in the broad sunshine of a common.

At the top of the hill, Bates, the gray-headed groom, who had attended Violet ever since her first pony ride, took possession of Titmouse and the chaise, while the baskets were handed over to a lad who had been on the watch for their arrival. Then they all went down the steep path into the valley, at the bottom of which the children were swarming in a cluster as thick as bees, while a pale flame and a cloud of white smoke went up from the midst of them like the fire beneath a sacrifice. This indicated the boiling of the kettle in true gypsy fashion.

For the next hour and a half tea-drinking was the all-absorbing business with every body. The boiling of the kettle was a grand feature in the entertainment. Cups and saucers were provided by a little colony of civilized gypsies, who seem indigenous to the spot, and whose summer life is devoted to assisting at picnics and tea-drinkings, telling fortunes, and selling photographs. White cloths were spread upon the short sweet turf, and piles of bread and butter, cake and buns, invited the attention of the flies.

Presently arose the thrilling melody of a choral grace, with the sweet embellishment of a strong Hampshire accent. And then, with a swoop as of eagles on their quarry, the school-children came down upon the mountains of bread and butter, and ate their way manfully to the buns and cake.

Violet had never been happier since her return to Hampshire than she felt this sunny afternoon as she moved quickly about ministering to these juvenile devourers. The sight of their somewhat bovine contentment took her thoughts away from her own cares and losses; and presently, when the banquet was concluded—a conclusion only arrived at by the total consumption of every thing provided, whereby the hungry-eyed gypsy attendants sunk into despondency—Vixen constituted herself Lord of Misrule, and led off a noisy procession in the time-honored game of oranges-and-lemons, which entertainment continued till the school-children were in a high fever. After this they had kiss-in-the-ring, Vixen only stipulating before she began that nobody should presume to drop the handkerchief before her. Then came touchwood—a game charmingly adapted to that wooded valley, where the trees looked as if they had been planted at convenient distances on purpose for this juvenile sport.

"Oh, I am so tired!" cried Violet at last, when church clocks—all out of ear-shot in this deep valley—were striking eight, and the low sun was golden on the silvery beech boles and the quiet half-hidden water pools under the trees yonder; "I really don't think I can have any thing to do with the next game."

"Oh, if you please, miss," cried twenty shrill young voices—"oh, if you please, miss, we couldn't play without you; you're the best on us!"

This soothing flattery had its effect.

"Oh, but I really don't think I can do more than start you," sighed Vixen, flushed and breathless. "What is it to be?"

"Blindman's-buff," roared the boys.

"Hunt-the-slipper," screamed the girls.

"Oh, blindman's-buff is best," said Vixen. "This little wood is a splendid place for blindman's-buff. But mind, I shall only start you. Now, then, who's to be blind man?"

Mr. Scobel volunteered. He had been a tranquil spectator of the sports hitherto; but this was the last game, and he felt that he ought to do something more than look on. Vixen blindfolded him, asked him the usual questions about his father's stable, and then sent him spinning amongst the moss-grown beeches, groping his way fearfully, with outstretched arms, amidst shrillest laughter and noisiest delight.

He was not long blindfold, and had not had many bumps against the trees, before he impounded the person of a fat and scant-of-breath scholar—a girl whose hard breathing would have betrayed her neighborhood to the dullest ear.

"That's Polly Sims, I know," said the vicar.

It was Polly Sims, who was incontinently made as blind as Fortune or Justice, or any other of the deities who dispense benefits to man. Polly floundered about among the trees for a long time, making frantic efforts to catch the empty air, panting like a human steam-engine, and nearly knocking out what small amount of brains she might possess against the gray branches outstretched like the lean arms of Macbeth's weird women across her path. Finally Polly Sims succeeded in catching Bobby Jones, whom she clutched with the tenacity of an octopus; and then came the reign of Bobby Jones, who was an expert at the game, and who kept the whole party on the *qui vive* by his serpentine windings and twistings among the stout old trunks.

Presently there was a shrill yell of triumph. Bobby had caught Miss Tempest.

"I know'd her by her musling gownd," he roared.

Violet submitted with a good grace.

"I'm dreadfully tired," she said, "and I'm sure I sha'n't catch any one."

The sun had been getting lower and lower. There were splashes of golden light on the smooth gray beech boles, and that was all. Soon these would fade, and all would be gloom. The grove had an awful look already. One would expect to meet some ghostly Druid or some witch of eld among the shadowy tracks left by the forest wildlings. Vixen went about her work languidly. She was really tired, and was glad to think her day's labors were over. She went slowly in and out among the trees, feeling her way with outstretched arms, her feet sinking sometimes into deep drifts of last year's leaves, or gliding noiselessly over the moss. The air was soft and cool and dewy, with a perfume of nameless wild flowers—a faint aromatic odor of herbs, which the wise women had gathered for medicinal uses in days of old, when your village sorceress was your safest doctor. Every where there was the hush and coolness of fast-coming night. The children's voices were stilled. This last stage of the game was a thing of breathless interest.

Vixen's footsteps drifted lower down into the wooded hollow; insensibly she was coming toward the edge of the treacherously green bog which has brought many a bold rider to grief in these districts, and still she had caught no one. She began to think that she had wandered ever so far away, and was in danger of losing herself altogether, or at least losing every body else, and being left by herself in the forest darkness. The grassy hollow in which she was wandering had an atmosphere of solitude.

She was on the point of taking off the handkerchief that Mr. Scobel had bound so effectually across her eyes, when her outstretched arms clasped something—a substantial figure, distinctly human, clad in rough cloth.

Before she had time to think who it was she had captured, a pair of strong arms clasped her; she was drawn to a broad chest; she felt a heart beating strong and fast against her shoulder, while lips that seemed too familiar to offend kissed hers with all the passion of a lover's kiss.

"Don't be angry," said a well-known voice; "I believe it's the rule of the game. If it isn't, I'm sure it ought to be."

A hand at once strong and gentle took off the handkerchief, and in the soft woodland twilight she looked up at Roderick Vawdrey's face looking down upon her with an expression which she presumed must mean a brotherly friendliness—the delight of on old friend at seeing her after a long interval.

She was not the less angry at that outrageous, unwarrantable kiss.

"It is not the rule of the game among civilized people, though it possibly may be among plough-boys and servant-maids!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "You are really a most ungentlemanlike person! I wonder Lady Mabel Ashbourne has not taught you better manners."

"Is that to be my only reward for saving you from plunging—at least ankle-deep—in the marshy ground yonder? But for me you would have been performing a boggy version of Ophelia by this time."

"How did you come here?"

"I have been to Langley Brook for a day's fly-fishing, and was tramping home across country in a savage humor at my poor sport, when I heard the chatter of small voices, and presently came upon the Scobels and the school-children. The juveniles were in a state of alarm at having lost you. They had been playing the game in severe silence, and at a turn in the grove missed you altogether. Oh, here comes Scobel, with his trencher on the back of his head."

The vicar came forward, rejoicing at sight of Violet's white gown.

"My dear, what a turn you have given us!" he cried. "Those silly children, to let you out of their sight! I don't think a wood is a good place for blindman's-buff."

"No more do I," answered Vixen, very pale.

"You look as if you had been frightened, too," said the vicar.

"It did feel awfully lonely; not a sound except the frogs croaking their vespers, and one dismal owl screaming in the distance. And how cold it has turned, now the sun has gone down; and how ghostly the beeches look in their green mantles! There is something awful in a wood at sunset."

She ran on in an excited tone, masking her agitation under an unnatural vivacity. Roderick watched her keenly. Mr. and Mrs. Scobel went back to their business of getting the children together, and the pots, pans, and baskets packed for the return journey. The children were inclined to be noisy and insubordinate. They would have liked to make a night of it in this woody hollow, or in the gorse-clothed heights up yonder by Stony Cross. To go home after such a festival, and be herded in small stuffy cottages, was doubtless trying to free-born humanity, always more or less envious of the gypsies.

"Shall we walk up the hill together?" Roderick asked humbly, "while the Scobels follow with their flock?"

"I am going to drive Mr. and Mrs. Scobel."

"But where is your carriage?"

"I don't know. I rather think it was to meet us at the top of the hill."

"Then let us go up together and find it—unless you hate me too much to endure my company for a quarter of an hour, or are too angry with me for my impertinence just now."

"It is not worth being serious about," answered Vixen, quietly, after a little pause. "I was very angry at the moment; but, after all, between you and me, who were like brother and sister a few years ago, it can't matter very much. I dare say you may have kissed me then."

"I think I did—once or twice," admitted Rorie, with laudable gravity.

"Then let your impertinence just now go down to the old account. But," seeing him drawing nearer her with a sudden eagerness, "mind, it is never to be repeated. I could not forgive that."

"I would do much to escape your anger," said Rorie, softly.

"The whole situation just now was too ridiculous," pursued Vixen, with a spurious hilarity. "A young woman wandering blindfolded in a wood all alone—it must have seemed very absurd."

"It seemed very far from absurd—to me," said Rorie.

They were going slowly up the grassy hill, the short scanty herbage looking gray in the dimness. Glow-worms were beginning to shine here and there at the foot of the furze bushes. A pale moon was rising above the broad expanse of wood and valley, which sank in gentle undulations into distant plains, where the young corn was growing, and the cattle were grazing in a sober agricultural district. Here all was wild and beautiful—rich yet barren.

"I'm afraid when we met last—at Lady Southminster's ball—that I forgot to congratulate you upon your engagement to your cousin," said Violet by-and-by, when they had walked a little way in perfect silence.

She was trying to carry out an old determination. She had always meant to go up to him frankly with outstretched hand and wish him joy. And she fancied that at the ball she had said too little. She had not let him understand that she was really glad. "Believe me, I am very glad that you should marry some one close at home—that you should widen your influence among us."

"You are very kind," answered Rorie, with exceeding coldness. "I suppose all such engagements are subjects for congratulation from a conventional point of view. My future wife is both amiable and accomplished, as you know. I have reason to be very proud that she has done me so great an honor as to prefer me to many worthier suitors; but I am bound to tell you—as we once before spoke of this subject, at the time of your dear father's death, and I then expressed myself somewhat strongly—I am bound to tell you that my engagement to Mabel was made to please my poor mother. It was when we were all in Italy together. My mother was dying, and Mabel's goodness and devotion to her had been beyond all praise; and my heart was drawn to her by affection, by gratitude; and I knew that it would make my poor mother happy to see us irrevocably bound to each other—and so—the thing came about somehow, almost unawares, and I have every reason to be proud and happy that fate should have favored me so far above my deserts."

"I am very glad that you are happy," said Violet, gently.

After this there was a silence which lasted longer than the previous interval in their talk. They were at the top of the hill before either of them spoke.

Then Vixen laid her hand lightly upon her old playfellow's arm, and said, with extreme earnestness:

"You will go into Parliament by-and-by, no doubt, and have great influence. Do not let them spoil the Forest. Do not let horrid grinding-down economists, for the sake of saving a few pounds or gaining a few pounds, alter and destroy scenes that are so beautiful and a delight to so many. Let all things be as they were when we were children."

"All that my voice and influence can do to keep them so shall be done, Violet," he answered, in tones as earnest. "I am glad that you have asked me something to-night. I am glad, with all my heart, that you have given me something to do for you. It shall be like a badge in my helmet by-and-by when I enter the lists. I think I shall say, 'For God and for Violet,' when I run a tilt against the economic devastators who want to clear our woods and cut off our commoners."

He bent down and kissed her hand, as in token of knightly allegiance. He had just time to do it comfortably before Mr. and Mrs. Scobel, with the children and their master and mistress, came marching up the hill, singing with shrill glad voices one of the harvest-home processional hymns.

"All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love."

"What a lovely night!" cried Mr. Scobel. "I think we ought all to walk home. It would be much nicer than being driven."

This he said with a lively recollection of Titmouse's performances on the journey out, and a lurking dread that he might behave a little worse on the journey home. A lively animal of that kind, going home to his stable through the uncertain lights and shadows of woodland roads, and driven by such a charioteer as Violet Tempest, was not to be thought of without a shudder.

"I think I had better walk home, in any case," said Mr. Scobel, thoughtfully. "I shall be wanted to keep the children together."

"Let us all walk home," suggested Roderick. "We can go through the plantations. It will be very jolly in the moonlight. Bates can drive your pony back, Violet."

Vixen hesitated.

"It's not more than four miles through the plantations," said Roderick.

"Do you think I am afraid of a long walk?"

"Of course not. You were a modern Atalanta three years ago. I don't suppose a winter in Paris and a season at Brighton have quite spoiled you."

"It shall be as you like, Mrs. Scobel," said Vixen, appealing to the vicar's wife.

"Oh, let us walk, by all means," replied Mrs. Scobel, divining her husband's feelings with respect to Titmouse.

"Then you may drive the pony home, Bates," said Violet; "and be sure you give him a good supper."

Titmouse went rattling down the hill at a pace that almost justified the vicar's objection to him. He gave a desperate shy in the hollow at sight of a shaggy donkey with a swollen appearance about the head, suggestive to the equine mind of hobgoblins. Convulsed at this appalling spectre, Titmouse stood on end for a second or two, and then tore violently off, swinging his carriage behind him so that the groom's figure swayed to and fro in the moonlight.

"Thank God we're not sitting behind that brute!" ejaculated the vicar, devoutly.

The pedestrians went off in the other direction, along the brow of the hill, by a long white road that crossed a wide sweep of heathy country, brown ridges and dark hollows, distant groups of firs standing black against the moon-lit sky, here and there a solitary yew that looked as if it were haunted—just such a landscape as that Scottish heath upon which Macbeth met the three weird women at set of sun, when the battle was lost and won. Vixen and Rorie led the way; the procession of school-children followed, singing hymns as they went with a vocal power that gave no token of diminution.

"Their singing is very melodious when the sharp edge is taken off by distance," said Rorie; and he and Violet walked at a pace which soon left the children a good way behind them. Mellowed by a quarter of a mile or so of intervening space, the music lent a charm to the tranquil, perfumed night.

By-and-by they came to the gate of an inclosure which covered a large extent of ground, and through which there was a near way to Beechdale and the Abbey House. They walked along a grassy track through a plantation of young pines—a track which led them down into a green and mossy bottom, where the trees were old and beautiful, and the shadows fell darker. The tall beech branches shone like silver, or like wonderful frozen trees in some region of eternal ice and snow. It was a wilderness in which a stranger would incontinently lose himself; but every foot of the way was familiar to Vixen and Rorie. They had followed the hounds by these green ways, and ridden and walked here in all seasons.

For some time they walked almost in silence, enjoying the beauty of the night, the stillness only broken by the distant chorus of the children singing their pious strains—old hymn tunes that Violet had known and loved all her life.

"Doesn't it almost seem as if our old childish days had come back?" said Roderick by-and-by. "Don't you feel as if you were a little girl again, Vixen, going for a ramble with me—fern-hunting or primrose-gathering?"

"No," answered Vixen, firmly. "Nothing can ever bring the past back for me. I shall never forget that I had a father—the best and dearest—and that I have lost him."

"Dear Violet," Roderick began, very gently, "life can not be made up of mourning for the dead. We may keep their images enshrined in our hearts forever, but we must not shut our youth from the sunshine. Think of how few years of youth God gives us; and if we waste those upon vain sorrow—"

"No one can say that I have wasted my youth, or shut myself from the sunshine. I go to kettle-drums and dancing parties. My mother and I have taken pains to let the world see how happy we can be without papa."

"The dear old squire!" said Rorie, tenderly; "I think he loved me."

"I am sure he did," answered Vixen.

"Well, you and I seem to have entered upon a new life since last we rode through these woods together. I dare say you are right, and that it is not possible to fancy one's self back in the past, even for a moment. Consciousness of the present hangs so heavily upon us."

"Yes," assented Vixen.

They had come to the end of the inclosure, and stood leaning against a gate, waiting for the arrival of the children.

"And, after all, perhaps it is better to live in the present, and look back at the past as at an old picture which we shall sooner or later turn with its face to the wall."

"I like best to think of my old self as if it were some one else," said Violet. "I know there was a little girl whom her father called Vixen, who used to ride after the hounds, and roam about the Forest on her pony, and who was almost as wild as the Forest ponies herself. But I can't associate her with this present me," concluded Violet, pointing to herself with a half-scornful gesture.

"And which is the better, do you think," asked Rorie, "the wild Violet of the past, or the elegant exotic of the present?"

"I know which was the happier."

"Ah," sighed Rorie, "happiness is a habit we outgrow when we get out of our teens. But you, at nineteen, ought to have a year or so to the good."

The children came in sight, tramping along the rutty green walk, singing lustily, Mr. Scobel walking at their head, and swinging his stick in time with the tuneful choir.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Great interest has been excited in scientific circles in England by the startling announcement that Mr. Norman Lockyer, the well-known astronomer and spectroscopist, has realized a portion at least of the dream of the alchemists, in the transmutation of one metal into another. Mr. Lockyer has not yet himself made the discovery public, though he has sent a short preliminary note to the Paris Academy of Sciences, and is preparing a paper to be read shortly before the Royal Society. The statement is that, by the aid of a powerful voltaic current, Mr. Lockyer has, in the presence of some of the most eminent English chemists, volatilized copper within a glass tube, dissolved the deposit found within the tube in hydrochloric acid, and then showed, by means of the spectroscope, that the solution no longer contained copper, but calcium. The experiment was repeated with other metals with corresponding results, nickel being transmuted into cobalt. Assuming the absence of experimental error, two conclusions only are possible—that the substances hitherto assumed to be elementary are in reality allotropic modifications of one primordial substance, or that all spectroscopic analysis hitherto relied on as absolutely trustworthy must be altogether abandoned. It is not stated that the results were tested by ordinary chemical reactions. In either case there has been none among the many chemical and physical discoveries of recent years more pregnant with results for the future of science than this, should its accuracy be confirmed.

A convenient form of portable glue is given by Mr. Cherrill, and is based upon the use of shredded gelatine. A small portion of this is placed in a wide-mouthed bottle, to which a little water and about one-fourth part of glacial acetic acid are to be added. The gelatine will swell up into worm-like pieces, and will be quite elastic. It will keep in this condition indefinitely, when properly prepared. When required for use, take a small portion of the swelled gelatine and warm the end of it in the flame of a match or candle, and it will immediately "run" into a fine, clear glue, which can be applied at once to the article to be mended. If the shredded gelatine can not be obtained, the best quality of white glue may be soaked for a short time in water, and then cut up into thin strips with a pair of scissors.

Dr. Edwin R. Heath, to whom we referred some time ago as intending to take up the work of South American exploration commenced by Professor Orton, and interrupted by his untimely death, left New York on the 18th of November, on the *William H. Kenney*, for Pará, expecting to proceed by steamer to San Antonio, to remain there during the winter, and from that point as a centre to carry on his further investigations. In these he expects to be greatly assisted by Messrs. T. and P. Collins, of Philadelphia, the contractors for the Mamoré and Madeira Railroad.

The third annual report of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore is especially interesting as including the report of the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory, which we have already mentioned as having been organized near Fort Wool during the past summer, under the direction of Professor W. K. Brooks. The most important results of the season consisted in the careful study of the character and development of the genus *Amphioxus*, a low order of fishes, which has constituted a favorite subject of research among naturalists. The opportunity was also embraced for investigating the character of the genus *Lingula*, one of the brachiopods. A beginning was also made by Professor Rice of a careful examination of the history of the development of the oyster, to be continued in behalf of the United States Coast Survey.

Professor Y. P. Smirnof, of Kasan, has lately completed the magnetical survey of Russia, upon which he has been engaged for several years, by observations in the basin of the Pechora.

Professor Polyakof has continued his explorations of the lakes of Russia. His researches have induced him to believe that the seals which formerly occupied these lakes are a different species from those now in the Arctic Ocean and the Caspian.

Mr. Charles R. Thatcher, the well-known conchological collector, died recently at Shanghai, of fever. To the zeal and industry of this gentleman science is indebted for the discovery of many new species of shells, his collection in this department being very extensive, and rivalling that of the late Hugh Cumming.

His many correspondents and friends in this country will regret to hear of the death of Dr. Johann Georg Kohl, the city librarian of Bremen, on the 28th of October, at the age of seventy.

He is well known from his residence in the United States some years ago, during which time he was engaged in studying some points connected with the early geography of the continent; and his services in this direction have been freely at the command of some of our government bureaus.

The Proceedings of the National Museum contain an article by Dr. James C. Merrill, U.S.A., upon the birds of Southern Texas, being especially a list of the species observed in the vicinity of Fort Brown. The number amounts to 252, among them several previously unrecorded as inhabitants of the United States.

To Dr. Merrill and Mr. George B. Sennett, who has also been carrying on researches in the same region, ornithology is indebted for a very considerable increase in the list of species since the collections made in that section in connection with the Mexican Boundary Survey. The additions include several kinds of humming-birds, some warblers and sparrows, a pigeon, the jacana, etc.

In April last the American mackerel vessel *Notice*, of Gloucester, started on an expedition in pursuit of mackerel on the coast of Norway, especially with a view of determining whether the purse net, the almost universal means of capture on our coast, would answer the same purpose in Europe, where it has been hitherto unknown. The vessel got back to Gloucester about the middle of November, and reports the trip as a failure financially, on account of the difficulty of seining successfully on the Norwegian coast, in consequence of the heavy sea which almost continually prevails. The captain mentions but two calm days during the entire trip.

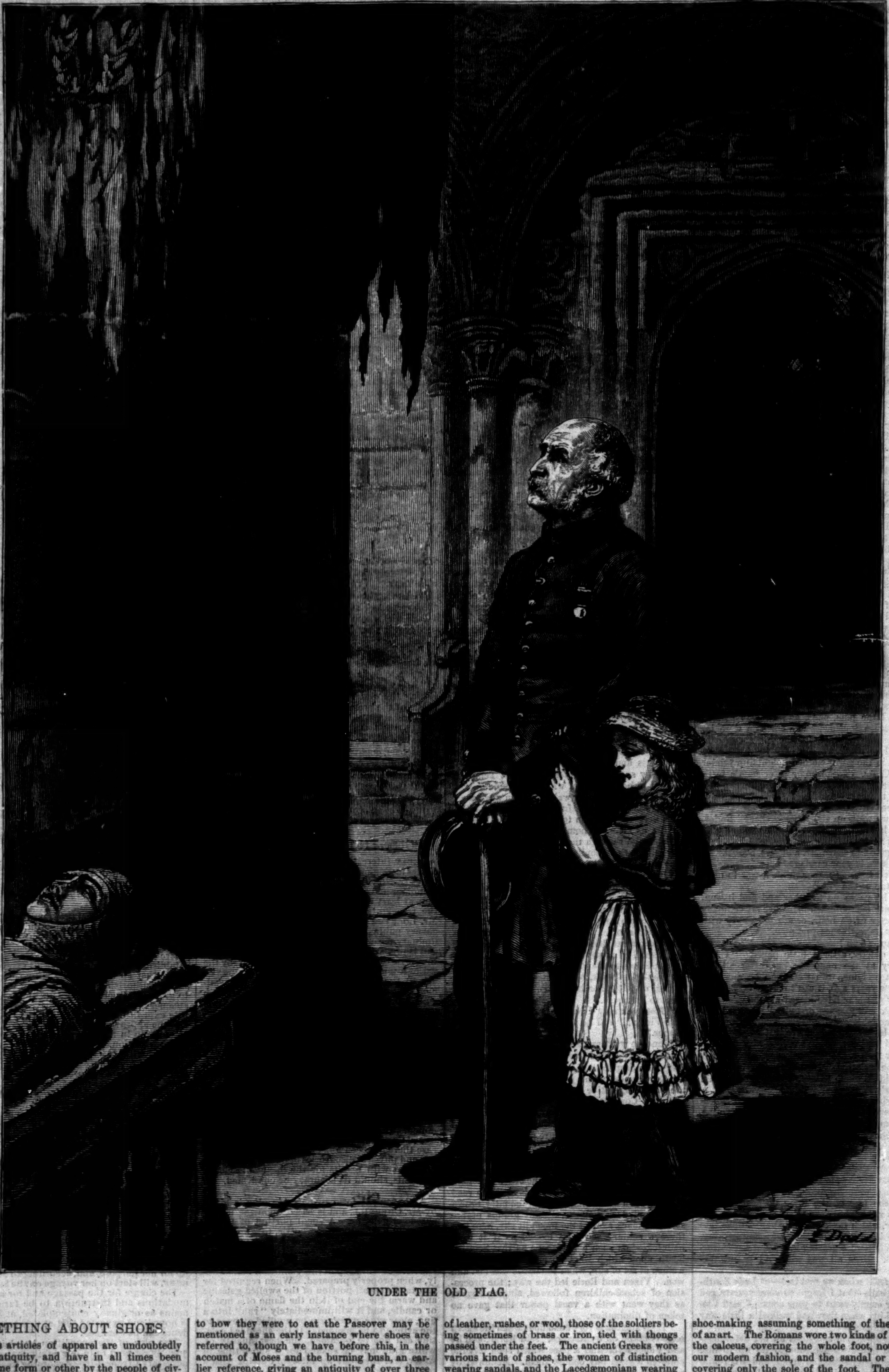
An amended and final programme of the Woodruff scientific expedition around the world, which has occupied public attention during the past year, has lately been published, showing an entire reorganization of the enterprise, and its establishment on a new basis. It may be remembered that an act was passed by Congress last winter authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to grant an American register to a foreign-built steamer for the purpose of the Woodruff scientific expedition, "provided that the said steamship be approved by the Secretary of the Navy as suitable in all respects for the purposes of said expedition, and there shall be maintained thereon, without expense to the United States, a school with capacity for at least two hundred students, together with a competent faculty, for the promotion of scientific and nautical knowledge." It was further provided "that in no case shall mercantile or commercial ventures form any part of said expedition, or the government of the United States be now or hereafter subjected to any expense on account thereof."

After receiving this authority Mr. Woodruff visited Europe and made a provisional purchase of the steam-ship *General Werder*, a large and new vessel, built on the Clyde for the Bremen North German Lloyd's. This vessel is 360 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 3000 tons burden. In accordance with the law of Congress, a commission was appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to examine the vessel, the report of which being considered satisfactory, assurance to that effect was transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, who thereupon granted the register referred to. The vessel is now in New York, being fitted up for her purpose, and, according to Mr. Woodruff, will start on her voyage on the 8th of May.

The charge for the passage and for all accommodations and instruction to be furnished remains as originally contemplated, at $2500. It is hoped and expected that at this price 200 students can be obtained.

The plan of the expedition has been so frequently referred to in our columns that it is not necessary to repeat it. According to Mr. Woodruff's pamphlet, the vessel will be in charge of Commander A. P. Cooke, U.S.N., and Lieutenant-Commander H. C. White, U.S.N. The medical officers mentioned are Dr. J. H. Kidder, U.S.N., and Dr. J. J. Sowerby, U.S.N.

The course of scientific instruction will be in charge of Professor W. S. Clark, late president of the Amherst Agricultural College.



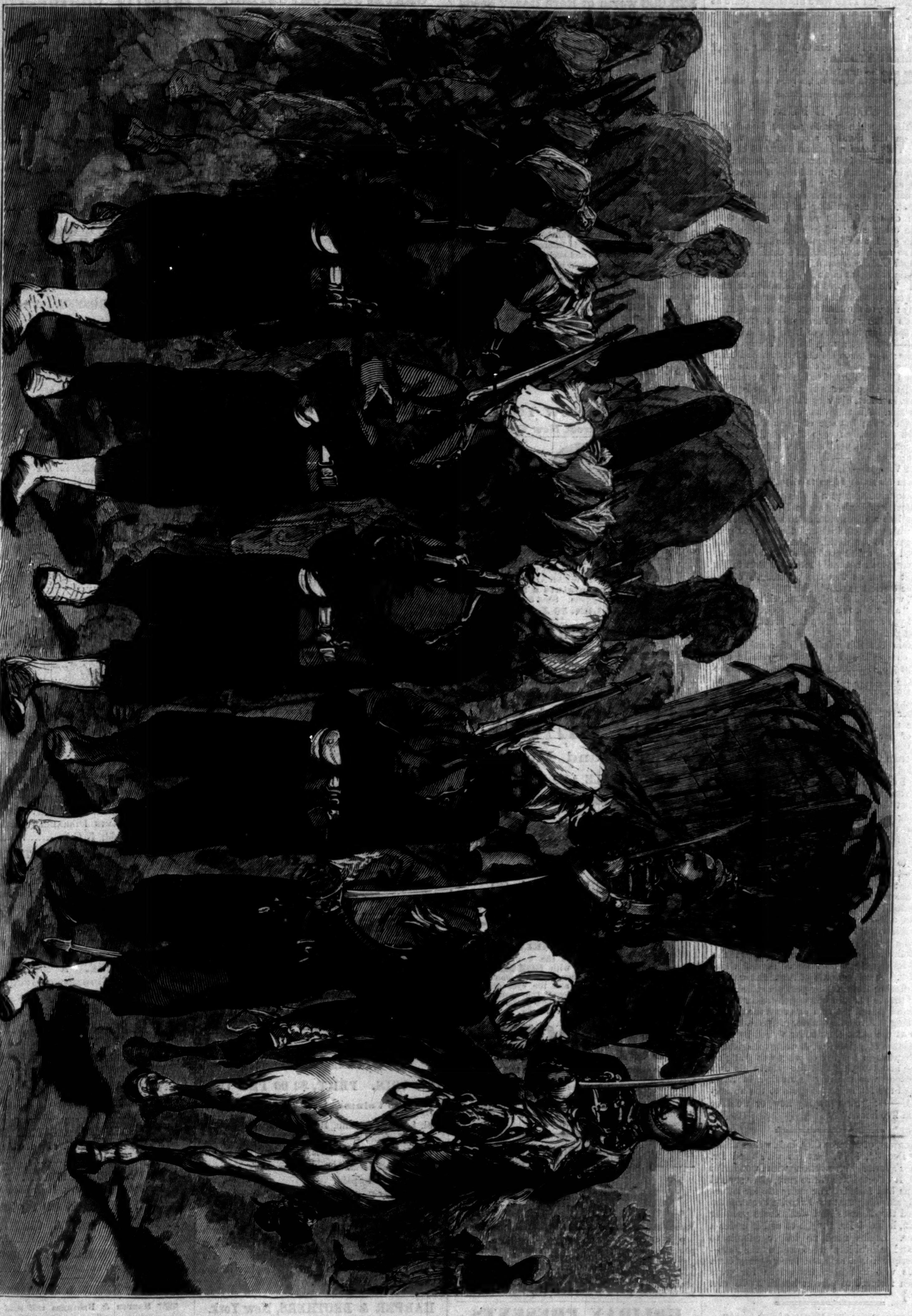
UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOES.

SHOES as articles of apparel are undoubtedly of great antiquity, and have in all times been worn in some form or other by the people of civilized countries. The practice of shoe and sandal wearing can be traced back for some thousands of years, and is probably of Eastern origin. Thus we find frequent mention of the shoe in the Bible, from the book of Exodus to the Acts. The well-known injunction to the Israelites as to how they were to eat the Passover may be mentioned as an early instance where shoes are referred to, though we have before this, in the account of Moses and the burning bush, an earlier reference, giving an antiquity of over three thousand years to the shoe. There is, however, mention made of a shoe-latchet as early as the time of Abraham. The reader who refers to Cruden will find evidence there of the frequent mention of the shoe in Scripture.

Among the ancient Hebrews shoes were made of leather, rushes, or wool, those of the soldiers being sometimes of brass or iron, tied with thongs passed under the feet. The ancient Greeks wore various kinds of shoes, the women of distinction wearing sandals, and the Lacedæmonians wearing red shoes. Shoes among the Greeks were made so high as to reach generally to the middle of the leg, and were often of gold and silk and other precious stuffs. The Egyptians made their shoes of papyrus or palm leaves.

Coming to the time of the Romans, we find shoe-making assuming something of the nature of an art. The Romans wore two kinds of shoes—the calceus, covering the whole foot, not unlike our modern fashion, and the sandal or slipper, covering only the sole of the foot. These were often sumptuously ornamented, Caligula having his enriched with precious stones, Nero his shod with silver, and his empress, Poppæa, hers with gold. We read of sandalia pretiosa displaying the most elaborate decorations—"cum imaginibus Regum in rotulis, cum flosculis de perlis



THE AFGHAN WAR—A PUNJAB REGIMENT ON THE MARCH—From a Sketch by Lieutenant Pulley, Third Goorkhas.—[See Double Page on Supplement.]

Indici, coloris et leopardis de perlis albis," etc. Some remarkable examples of Roman shoes were found in a tomb at Southfleet, in Kent, in 1802. They were of purple leather, reticulated in hexagonal designs of beautiful workmanship, each hexagonal division being worked in gold. Indeed, the Romans seem altogether to have been liberal patrons of the followers of St. Crispin, for the streets of the imperial city in the time of Domitian were so blocked up with cobblers' stalls that he caused them to be removed.

In England the fashion of wearing shoes can be traced back to the earliest times. According to Meyrick, the shoes worn by the Belgic Britons were made of raw cowhide that had the hair turned outward, and coming up to the ankles. A great beau of the time of William Rufus, called Robert the Horned, wore shoes with long sharp points, stuffed with tow, and twisted in a spiral form. This fashion took the fancy of the people of that day immensely, and the points went on increasing yearly to the reign of Richard the Second, when they had to be tied to the knees of the wearer to save him from being encumbered in walking. This tying or fastening in the case of gentlemen was by chains of silver or silver gilt. In Chaucer's time the upper part of these shoes was cut to imitate a church window. The rank of the wearer in those days was known by the length of his poulaines. "The men," says Paradin, "wore them with a point before, half a foot long; the richer and more eminent personages wore them a foot, and princes two feet long." By an act of the reign of Edward the Fourth the absurd length to which these points had attained was limited; and no one under the rank of a lord was to wear shoes more than ten inches long, and all cobblers making them were to be fined, and cursed by the clergy.

Shoes, more or less ornamental, appear to have continued in vogue among Englishmen down to a very late period. Perhaps the most splendid pair of shoes we read of is that worn by Sir Walter Raleigh on great court occasions. They were of buff leather, so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded in value the sum of six thousand six hundred pounds. Our present style of shoe was introduced in 1633, but buckles were not used till 1670. High heels were fashionable in three reigns previous to that of Queen Victoria, those of Charles the Second, James the Second, and William and Mary. The man of fashion in 1720 wore his shoes square at the toes, with diminutive diamond buckles, a monstrous flap on the instep, and high heels. "Red heels to his shoes" is one of the directions for making a beau in 1727; and Gay, in his "Trivia," thus satirizes the fashion:

"At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heeled shoes."

FUGITIVE FUN.

Two friends, while spending some days in the country, on the Sunday attended the village church. They heard a long and, it must be confessed, somewhat tedious sermon. Moreover, the preacher, in expounding his subject, seemed to the two strangers among his hearers to take an unusually narrow, restricted, and literal view of the text. While walking back to their lodgings one of the friends remarked upon this, when the other said: "The same thing struck me. The good man's sermon reminded me of nothing so much as of Euclid's definition of a line—*length* without *breadth*."

A certain merchant in an English town recently failed. The failure was an honorable one, and had been caused through no fault, morally speaking at any rate, of the insolvent. A friend of the merchant's talking over the matter to two others, was speaking in terms of high praise of the bankrupt—how just a man he had always been in business; how much his misfortunes had been due to the short-comings of others; and how anxious he had shown himself to render his creditors all the help in his power in regard to the liquidation—how, in short, his very failure had been a credit to him. All this was readily assented to by the other two; but one of them was a man who could not easily forego his joke, whatever the occasion. "Ah, yes," said he, with a twinkle in his eye; "poor J—— is like the parson in the 'Deserted Village'—

"'Even his *failings* lean to virtue's side.'"

Some acquaintances at a dinner-party—among them a Doctor of Divinity and a Doctor of Medicine—got into a discussion as to the respective services which the clerical and the medical professions gave to the world. The discussion was maintained with entire good humor on both sides, but the clergyman naturally remained firm to his point, that great as was the physician's office, that of the cleric was still higher.

"Well, well," said the physician, with assumed gravity; "after all, the only difference between us is that you are the doctors that *preach*, and we those that *practice*."

A certain Scottish minister of considerable force of character and vigor of expression was wont in his pulpit discourses occasionally to make somewhat vehement attacks upon the Church of Rome. One year Mr. A—— decided upon making Rome the scene of his annual autumn holiday. A member of his congregation, while calling upon the minister's mother, touched upon the subject of her son's projected trip, remarking that he would no doubt get a great deal of enjoyment from it. The old lady shook her head, and replied: "I've great fears about the whole matter. I doubt if it's safe his going to Rome at a'. Every body kens that there's few been so sair against the Pope as our Willy."

A young medical man was attending an old Irishwoman who lived in one of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh. She had been very ill, but was on the way to recovery, when one day she said to the doctor, "Will ye tell me, doctor dear, for certain, whether I'll get well again or no."

"Oh yes; I think you'll be all right soon now," was the answer.

"I wanted to know for sure, ye see, doctor, because I'm a lone woman, an' I subscribed to a buryin' society, an' I just wished to know if I was likely to be gettin' any benefit out of it or no."

The following is "far-fetched" only in the sense of its coming a distance of several thousand miles. A certain part of Australia was recently suffering from a long-protracted drought. A day of prayer for rain was appointed and held, and as it happened the rain came on the following morning. A remote quarter of the same colony was at the same time being visited by a superabundance of moisture. A worthy magistrate of the district, on hearing of what was going on at C——, and fancying that the rain in his own neighborhood was sensibly increasing, in haste dispatched the following telegram to the authorities at C——: "Stop praying now, or we'll be flooded in five hours."

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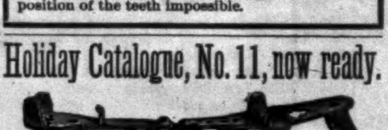

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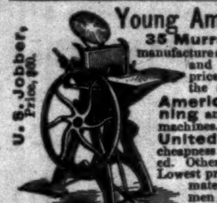

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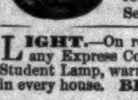

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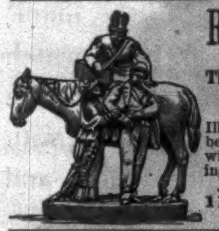

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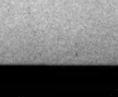

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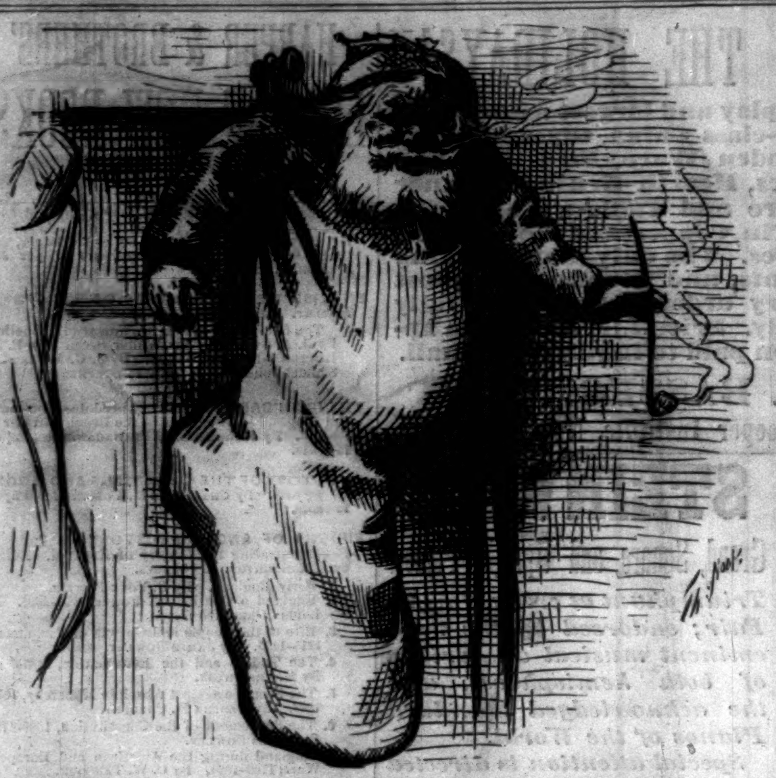

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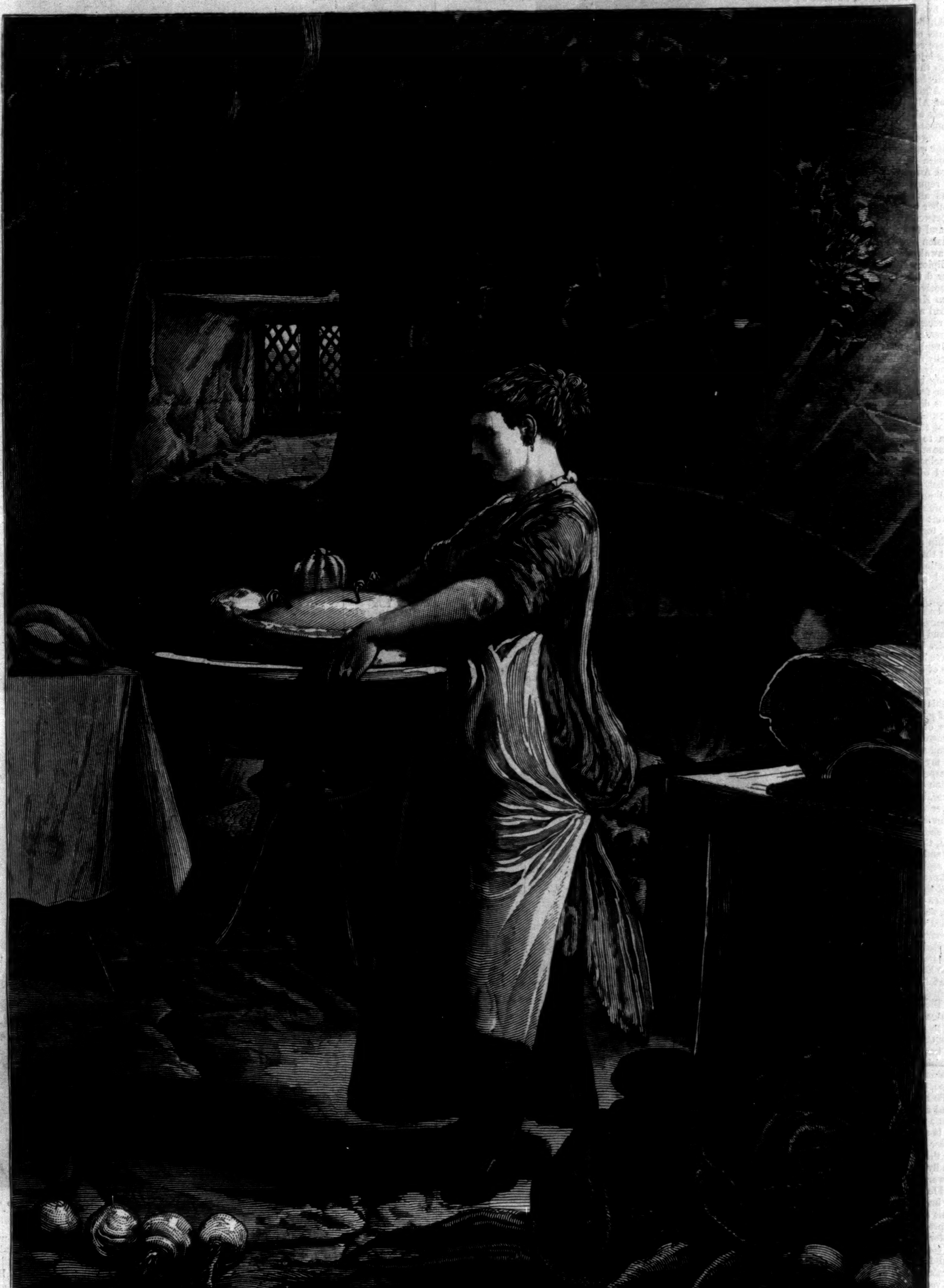


A CHRISTMAS PIE.

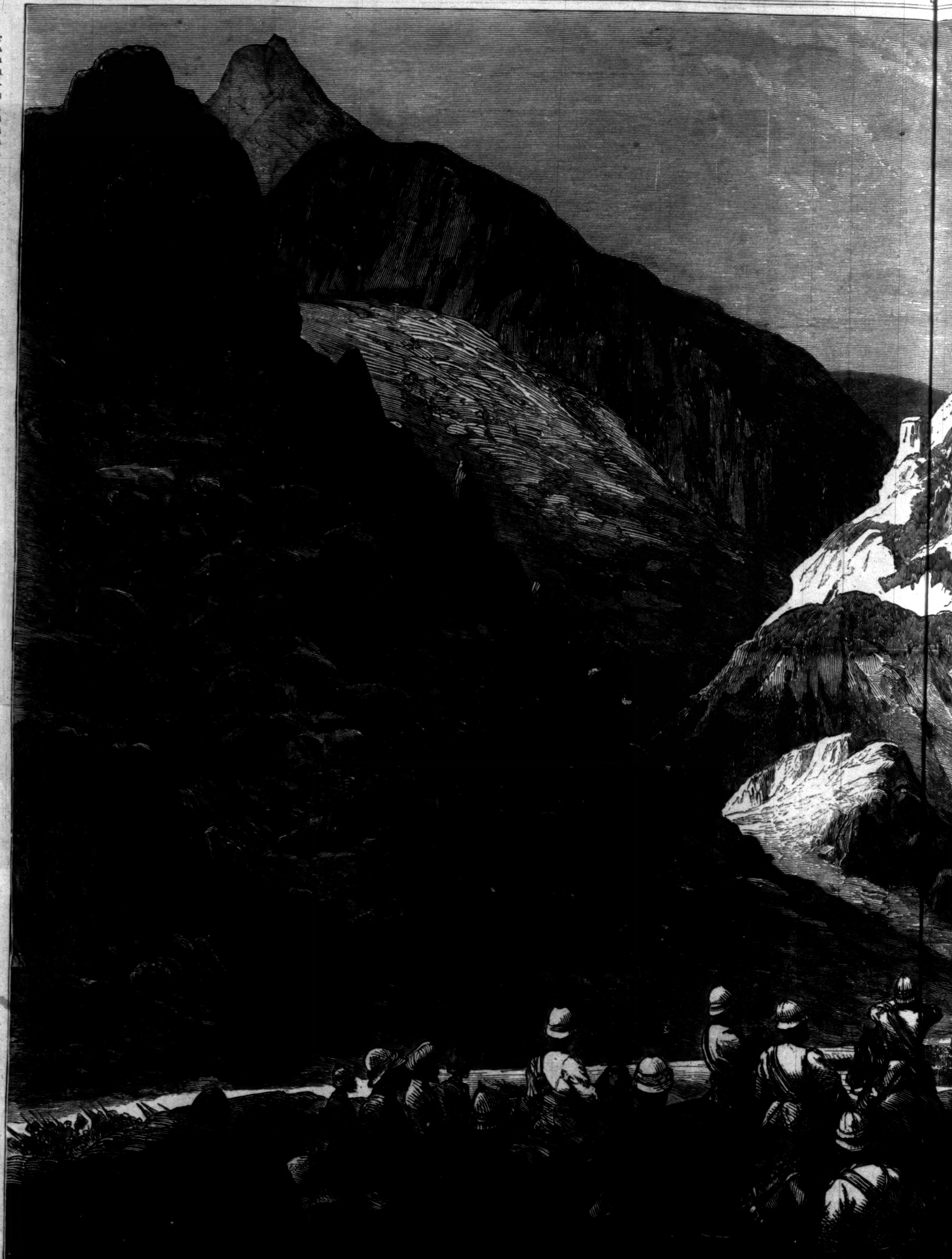
THE AMEER'S TROUBLES.

Our readers will remember that in our issue of December 14 we published a view of the fortress of Ali-Musjeed, in the Khyber Pass, and in connection with it gave a detailed account of the reception offered the British mission at this point by the soldiers of Shere Ali. This Khyber Pass is justly regarded as the gate of Afghanistan, for although there are several other important passes leading into the Ameer's dominions, it is through this one that communication is generally held by caravans travelling between Afghanistan and India. The fortress of Ali-Musjeed was, however, precipitately abandoned by its garrison on the approach of the English, for which act of cowardice or treachery the commandant was, it is reported, blown from the mouth of a cannon by order of the enraged Ameer.

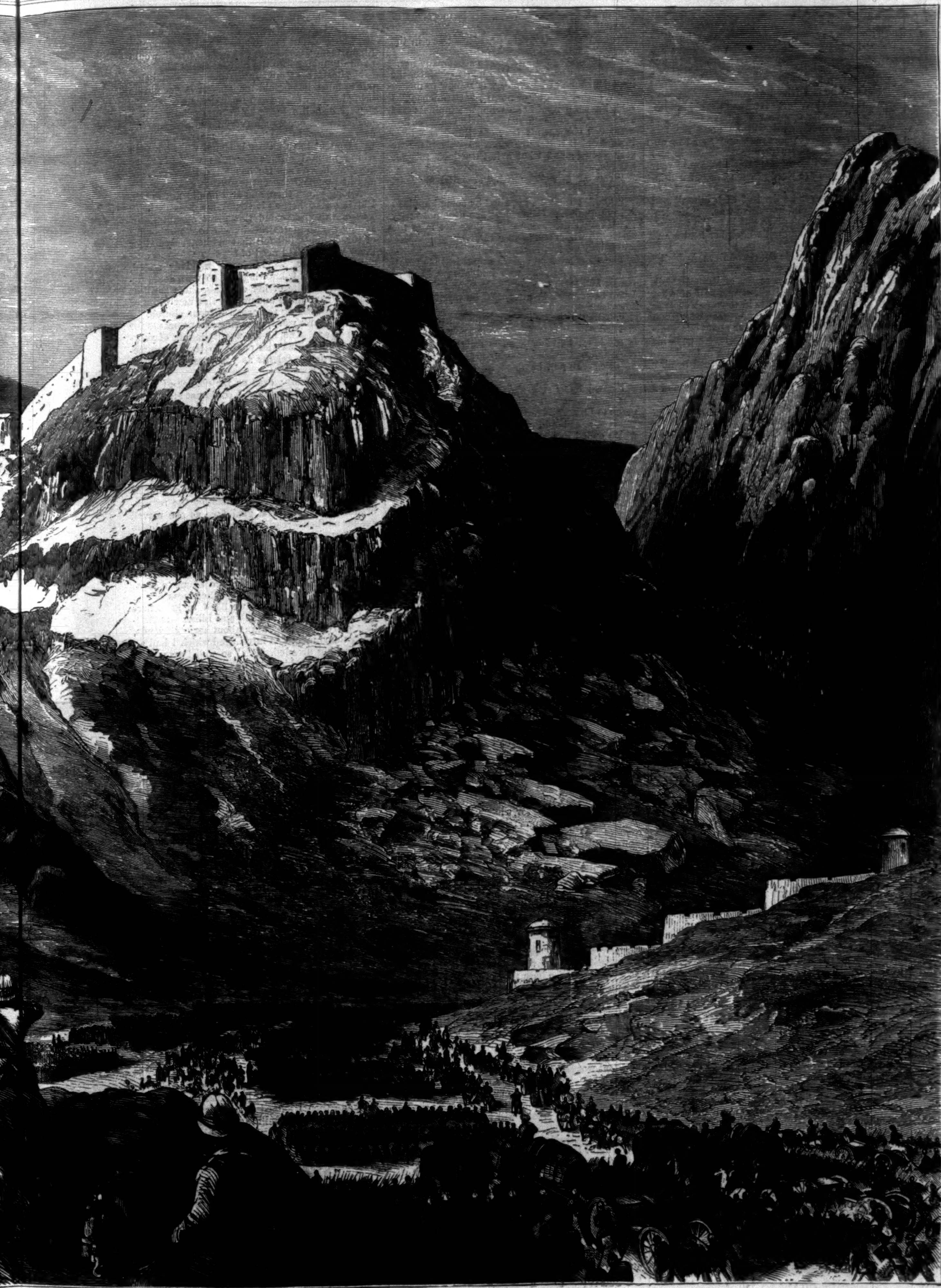
The repulse offered Sir Neville Chamberlain and his escort on the 21st of September was followed by a correspondence between Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, and the Ameer, showing a genius for evasion on the part of the latter that might awaken the admiration of a European diplomatist. In an epistle dated October 6 the Ameer refers to the letters received through Nawab Gholam Hussein Khan, and while claiming that these had not been read by him, speaks of the reception of another letter "written threateningly to a well-intentioned friend, replete with contentions, and yet nominally regarding a friendly mission." Innocently his Afghan Majesty inquires: "Coming thus by force, what result, or profit, or fruit could come of it?" Having thus disposed of the decidedly hostile reception accorded to the advanced guard of the mission at Ali-Musjeed, he goes on to complain of other letters in the same strain addressed to his officials, and concludes by saying: "Thus, during a period of a few days, several letters from that quarter have all been before me, and none of them have been free from harsh expressions and hard words, repugnant to courtesy and politeness, and in tone contrary to the ways of friendship and intercourse. Looking to the fact that I am at this time assaulted by affliction and grief at the hand of fate, and that great trouble has possessed my soul, in the officials of the British government patience and silence would have been specially becoming. Let your Excellency take into consideration this harsh and breathless haste with which the desired object and place of conference have been seized upon, and how the officials of the government have been led into discussion and subjection to reproach. There is some difference between this and the pure road of friendship and good-will. In alluding to those writings of the officials of the opposite government which have emanated from them, and are at this time in the possession of my own officials, the latter have in no respect desired to show enmity or opposition toward the British government, nor, indeed, do they with any other power desire enmity or strife, but when any other power, without cause or reason, shows animosity toward this government, the matter is left in the hands of God and to His will."

The reply to this epistle dictated by Lord Lytton has already gained the name of the ultimatum, under which it will figure in the history of the present Afghan war. In it the Governor-General alludes to Shere Ali's remissness in not sooner returning a reply to the letters carried him by Nawab Gholam Hussein Khan, sets forth his want of faith with the English in receiving a Russian envoy at his court while at the same time refusing to entertain a representative of the English government, and recapitulates the insult contained in his refusal to admit the mission led by Sir Neville Chamberlain, a nobleman personally known to the Ameer, within Afghan dominions. The letter particularly explains that the escort of two hundred men, so far from being an evidence of hostile intent, was a smaller number than had accompanied his Majesty into India on a visit of a similar import. Attention is also called to the fact that the first letter addressed to the Ameer in regard to the mission expressly explained its friendly character, in spite of all which orders were sent to the garrison at Ali-Musjeed to prevent its approach. Finally, this important document concludes: "For this act of enmity and indignity to the Empress of India in the person of her envoy, your letter affords no explanation or apology, nor does it contain any answer to my proposal for a full and frank understanding between our two governments. In consequence of this hostile action on your part I have assembled her Majesty's forces on your frontier; but I desire to give you a last opportunity of averting the calamities of war. For this it is necessary that a full and suitable apology be offered by you in writing, and tendered on British territory by an officer of sufficient rank. Furthermore, as it has been found impossible to maintain satisfactory relations between the two states unless the British government is adequately represented in Afghanistan, it will be necessary that you should consent to receive a permanent British mission within your territory. It is further essential that you should undertake that no injury shall be done by you to the tribes who acted as guides to my mission, and that reparation shall be made for any damage they have suffered from you; and if any injury be done by you to them, the British government will at once take steps to protect them. Unless these conditions are accepted fully and plainly by you, and your acceptance received by me not later than the 20th of November, I shall be compelled to consider your intentions as hostile, and to treat you as a declared enemy of the British government."

With a species of bravado that argues either an entire forgetfulness of his past experience with the English, or else a blind reliance on help from foreign sources, the Ameer allowed the fatal 20th to pass without having made any sign. This was accepted by the authorities of India as an intimation of hostile designs, and on the morning of November 21 orders were given to the troops at the mouth of the Khyber Pass to advance on Ali-Musjeed. At this point the pass is about 150 feet wide, but although the position is one of considerable strength, it possesses a great drawback in being commanded by two hills of considerable elevation on the south and west. In fact, it was mainly owing to these heights that the capture of Ali-Musjeed proved such a comparatively easy task. Early in the morning General Browne, commander of the English forces at this point, dispatched his first and second brigades, under Colonels Macpherson and Tytler, by a circuitous route to the right, with the object of outflanking the enemy by occupying the Rhotas Hills, and thus cutting off his retreat. Shortly afterward General Browne himself, with the third and part of the fourth division, advanced directly upon the fort, and establishing his batteries of 40-pounders upon the Shagai range, opened fire upon the fort, which had already fired the first shot. Skirmishers were sent forward to clear the villages, and at one o'clock the elephant batteries of 40-pounders arrived, which, notwithstanding some exceedingly good practice on the part of the Afghans, succeeded in dismounting the enemy's guns, the third brigade, under Colonel Ap-
pleyard, having in the mean time
within storming distance of the
umn mostly bore the brunt of
and were warmly peppered from
trenchments, losing two British o
killed close to the Afghan gun
night was coming on, and nothing
of Colonel Macpherson's colum
onel Tytler's column had secu
heights, the advanced skirmishe
to retire, and the troops bivouack
on the positions they had taken,
being expected in the morning.
the Afghans, alarmed at the adv
flanking columns, abandoned th
behind them guns, tents, and mul



THE FORT OF ALI-MUSJEED, IN THE KHYBER PASS, CAPTURED BY LIEU



BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR SAMUEL BROWNE, NOVEMBER 22, 1878.

he mean time advanced almost
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ed skirmishers were ordered
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abandoned the fort, leaving
ents, and mules, and in a few
hours the British troops were in complete possession of this important position, with a loss of about forty men and three officers killed and wounded. In the mean time the retreat of the garrison had been cut off by Colonel Tytler, and a portion captured, while the friendly Afreedis also intercepted 500 of the Ameer's troops, seizing their arms and clothing. The British numbered 6500, with about 21,000 camp-followers and thirty guns, of which several were elephant batteries of 40-pounders, and the rest mainly mule batteries of 9-pounders. Having carefully secured his position, and taken possession of the enemy's guns and camp, in which every thing had been precipitately abandoned, General Browne remained in the fort all the night of the 22d, and on Saturday advanced to Lundi Khana, whence on Sunday he pushed on to Dakka, which had been evacuated by the Afghans, forty-two miles from Jelalabad.

Since the capture of Ali-Musjeed there has been a series of battles of more or less importance, nearly all of which have resulted in victories for the English, so that Shere Ali seems likely to suffer a severe punishment for the generally sullen and hostile attitude he has pursued toward the nation with which his father was in such close and amicable alliance. For this deep-seated grudge which the Ameer bears toward the English nation several causes have been assigned. According to a lengthy document prepared by Lord Cranbrook, the Secretary of State for India, and sent as a dispatch to Lord Lytton, the discontent of Shere Ali had for its original basis Russian advances in Central Asia and the refusal of the friendly English to offer any guarantee against them. It is claimed that after the transfer of the Indian administration to the crown and the accession of Shere Ali, Lord Lawrence, upon whom devolved the direction of the policy to be adopted in this new state of affairs, considered that the objects of the British government would be best obtained by winning the friendship of Shere Ali by a recognition of the existing order of things and a policy of non-interference.

In pursuance of this policy friendly negotiations were opened at St. Petersburg early in 1869, which resulted in a very distinct understanding, and in the recognition by the Czar's government of the limits of the Ameer's territories in complete accord with Shere Ali and the British government. This state of affairs proved satisfactory all around until the capture of Khiva by the forces of the Czar in the spring of 1873, and the total subordination of that khanate to Russia, caused Shere Ali considerable alarm, and led him to question the value of pledges with reference to Afghanistan which had been given by the Czar to England, and communicated by England to the Ameer. Actuated by fears on this score, his Highness sent a special envoy to Simla in the summer of that year, charged with the duty of expressing them to the government of India. At this time Lord Northbrook was at the head of affairs, and the answer returned to the representatives of the Ameer was very much like that of the chancellor in Tennyson's poem, who

> "In courteous words returned reply,
> But dallied with his golden chain,
> And, smiling, put the question by."

Lord Northbrook assured the Ameer that under certain conditions the government of India would assist him to repel unprovoked aggression, but her Majesty's government at home did not share his Highness's apprehension, and the Viceroy ultimately informed the Ameer that the discussion of the question would be best postponed to a more convenient season. The effect of this announcement on his Highness, although conveyed in conciliatory language, was not favorable. The policy which dictated it was unintelligible to his mind and he received it with feelings of chagrin and disappointment. His reply was couched in terms of ill-disguised sarcasm. He took no notice of the Viceroy's proposal to depute a British officer to examine the northern frontier of Afghanistan. He subsequently refused permission to Sir Douglas Forsyth to return from Kashgar to India through Cabool. He left untouched a gift of money lodged to his credit by the Indian government, and generally assumed toward it an attitude of sullen reserve.

This explanation of Lord Cranbrook would seem to account for the Ameer's attitude of discontent and disgust toward the English, were not a better one offered by the Duke of Argyll—a most eminent authority on Afghan and Indian affairs. According to this nobleman, who was, as he says, "the organ of the late administration in Indian affairs during the whole of the Viceroyalty of Lord Mayo and during a considerable part of the Viceroyalty of Lord Northbrook," Shere Ali's grievance dates back to what he calls the "one-sided" character of the treaty of 1855. In it the Indian government promised nothing except to respect the territories of Afghanistan, and never to interfere therein. But the corresponding obligation on the Ameer was very different. He promised to be "the friend of the friends, and the enemy of the enemies, of the Honorable East Indian Company." Thus on the part of the Ameer it was a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive. On the part of the Indian government it had no such character.

That Shere Ali's grudge against the English is of earlier date than that assigned to it by Lord Cranbrook, and was in reality connected with the treaty of 1855, as insisted upon by the Duke of Argyll, is fully substantiated by the conduct of the Ameer in 1869, at the time he visited India for the purpose of holding a conference with Lord Mayo at Umballa. "It is most remarkable," says the Viceroy in a private letter to his Grace of Argyll describing the interview, "that during all the Ameer's conversations here he has hardly once mentioned the name of Russia." Yet from the moment of his entry at Umballa the inequality of the treaty was the burden of his song. He complained that the friendship between the English and his father had been a "dry friendship" and "one-sided." They had not helped Shere Ali himself, as they ought to have done, to secure the throne. They had simply acknowledged him when by his own good sword he had secured it for himself. They had equally recognized others when they had gained temporary success. What he now wanted was that the English should guarantee not himself only, but his lineal descendants, on the throne which he had won.

Shere Ali's continued attitude of sullenness and bitterness toward the English undoubtedly owes its origin to this refusal at Umballa to meet his views in regard to the sort of alliance between himself and England that would assure his position on the tremulous throne of Afghanistan. His recent act of rash defiance may in the same manner be traced to the fact that he has ceased to look for any such support from the British government as will lead to the establishment of his family as the ruling dynasty of the empire. At present his position is a pitiful one, for not only is he as yet unsupported by any power whose jealousy of England might lead it to make common cause even with the Ameer of Afghanistan, but the disaffection among his own followers increases daily.